

Life

SEPTEMBER, 1935

FIFTEEN CENTS



DAPHNE

H. B. Brady

Vanities of 1810



Gentlemen dressed like
this



Wooded and won
(Or lost)
On settees like this



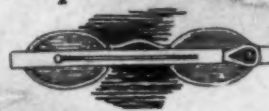
Honeymooned
On boats like this



Sang to pianos like this



Wore spectacles like this



When grand Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey
(In 1810)

First won renown
Among folk like this



If you want to know why
Just do like this



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A. Overholt & Co.

OLD OVERHOLT

BOTTLED IN BOND

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION



A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKY

© 1933, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.



Thousands of Flying Hours but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

It began with "Pink Tooth Brush"

YEARS AGO—stunting at county fairs in a second-hand crate—he never had to bother about his teeth and gums. The tough, stringy fare of those lean barnstorming days gave them plenty of work to do, kept them sound and healthy.

But prizes got bigger . . . Jobs got better . . . Foods got softer, and gums more sensitive. And this so-careful man who watched every warning of wind and weather—wrecked his dental health. He shut his eyes to the danger of "Pink Tooth Brush." He wouldn't listen to his dentist. And now he's a dental cripple.

"Pink Tooth Brush" is simply a warning, but it always tells you the truth. It tells you that your gums are sensitive

and tender, wide open to serious gum disorders.

Put the blame where it belongs—on our modern diet of soft, creamy foods that rob gums of healthful work and exercise . . . But be sure and do the reasonable thing—change to Ipana plus massage—your dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums. Begin to rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. New circulation begins. There's a fresher feel to your gums—a new cleanliness to your mouth.

Begin with Ipana plus massage today. Avoid that "tinge of pink" on your tooth brush. And as for pyorrhea, gingivitis, and Vincent's disease—you'll probably never know how unpleasant they can be.

Professional Opinion says:

- From a standard dental text:
"Refined foods are . . . soft, so as to require little or no mastication."
- A well-known authority says:
"Bleeding of the gums always means trouble and should receive attention at once."
- Excerpt from a professional treatise:
"It is important to brush the gums in order to keep them in a healthy condition."

Tune in "Town Hall Tonight." Hear Fred Allen and the Ipana Troubadours Wednesday evenings—WEAF and associated N.E.C. stations.

I P A N A

TOOTH PASTE



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STOP

CAUTION

GO

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

THEATRE — MOVIES — SPORTS
BOOKS — RECORDS — "GO" PLACES

THEATRE

George Jean Nathan

● **Anything Goes**, by Cole Porter, *et al.* You can now get pretty good seats at the box-office, which is always news with as popular a show as this. So you'll enjoy the songs and dancing just that much more. *Alvin*, W. 52nd St.

● **Awake and Sing**, by Clifford Odets. The red listed against it in the previous issue was a printer's error. It deserves the yellow, although I am one of the few critical professors who think the green is much too large and generous an order. *Belasco*, W. 44th St.

● **Earl Carroll Sketch Book**, by Eugene Conrad, Charles Sherman, *et al.* Some blue humor doesn't help matters and Ken Murray isn't big-time in the comedian class. The Most Beautiful Girls In The World aren't so good-looking this year either. *Winter Garden*, Broadway and 50th St.

● **Personal Appearance**, by Lawrence Riley. Gladys George still giving a first-rate performance in a second-rate farce-comedy which spoofs the fauna of Hollywood. *Miller*, W. 43rd St.

● **The Children's Hour**, by Lillian Hellman. The best American play of the year continues to get its acting due from the original cast. A thoroughly satisfactory dramatic evening even when the temperature is at 110. *Elliott*, W. 39th St.

● **The Old Maid**, by Zoë Akins out of Edith Wharton. The Pulitzer prize gimcrack. A great favorite with ancient females of both sexes who love a good old-time 1890 cry. *Empire*, Broadway and 40th St.

● **Three Men on a Horse**, by J. C. Holm and George Abbott. Horseracing humor, sometimes tepid and sometimes amusing, with the original company holding up well despite the climate. *Playhouse*, W. 48th St.

● **Tobacco Road**, by Jack Kirkland and Erskine Caldwell. A poor troupe lets down a meritorious manuscript. The acting a deep red laid on a green play. *Forrest*, W. 49th St.

MOVIES

Don Herold

(*Not suitable for children)

● **Broadway Gondolier**. An improved and less chimpanzee Dick Powell in a pleasant musical which kids radio, which godknowsneedsit. Joan Blondell and Adolphe Menjou helping with the dishing.

+ +

● **Charlie Chan in Egypt**.* Thank you so much, Warner Oland, for another of your charming Charlie Chan's—this one performed against a background of Egyptian archaeological treasure hunting and treasure swiping—delightful tomfoolery.

● **Doubting Thomas**. Will Rogers does his worst picture, which is going some. A torturing movie perversion of the stage success, *The Torch Bearers*.

● **Escapade**.* Introducing an imported new "sensation," who, for once, really is: Luise Rainer. Go for her, not for the show they've given her, which is the old Viennese turkey regarding the naughty artist and the frisky wife. William Powell in the smock.

● **Front Page Woman**.* Scissored, rewrite of all previous newspaper comedies and melodramas, with Bette (Fried Eggs) Davis as a newspaper woman trying to scoop her lover, George Brent, on a murder story.

● **Ginger**. Jane Withers (age 8), a one-child Our Gang, in one of those "Uncle Rex, what am I going to do with you!" pictures. Plenty of child talent wasted in unforgivable Hollywood tommyrot.

● **Hooray for Love**. Unless you step in for Bill Robinson's dance and come right out again, STOP on this putrescent piece about a young fellow (Gene Raymond) trying to raise money to stage a musical show.

● **In Caliente**. Achingly laborious and noisy musical comedy of the 1902 school, squandering Pat O'Brien, and redeemed only by the presence of the most photographable of them all, Dolores Del Rio.

● **Love Me Forever**. I will, Grace Moore, 'cause your singing gives me more chassis tingles than anything else in pictures. And what a sweet job Leo Carrillo does in this melodramatic musical as the ingratiating gambler who loves music—and you.

● **Men Without Names**.* One of the best of the gee-whiz series G-1935 G-men pictures, with Fred MacMurray as the chief snoop, and Madge Evans as the inevitable girl who horns in on the trouble.

● **Nell Gwyn**.* There's something reminiscent of Uncle Ned's 16-millimeter movies in many English productions, especially in this one—despite a captivating performance by Anna Neagle.

● **No More Ladies**.* Robert Montgomery licking his chops over the denatured lines of what was a sharp stage comedy, Edna May Oliver clowning a part that Lucille Watson made endearingly saucy, and Joan

(Duco) Crawford adding to the havoc.

● **Shanghai**.* Suave, slick, over-serious Charles Boyer and orby Loretta Young in a far-fetched never-the-twain story of an American girl in love with a Shanghai boy with Chinese blood in his veins.

● **Spring in Paris**.* Insufferable fluff with Tullio Carminati threatening to jump off the Eiffel tower for love. (Well, why not?) Elephantine kittenishness, imitation Lubitsch, made bearable only by the nice singing of Mary Ellis.

● **The Glass Key**.* It is hard to figure what George (High Pants) Raft is being so strong and silent about most of the time in this diffused Dashiell Hammett mystifier.

SPORTS

Paul Gallico

● **Baseball**. August 20. The Major League circuits; any time you find the Yanks, the Tigers, the Cards and the Giants in town there will be fireworks from now on, as the four teams try to win the American and National League pennants respectively. This is the home stretch and every pitch counts.

● **Golf**. August 26. Women's National Golf Championship, Interlachen Country Club, Minneapolis, Minn. Six glorious days of—"Oh, dearie, isn't that a lovely frock. I loved it when you wore it at the tournament last year," and "Darling, you're playing beautifully this year. Isn't it too bad about your putting. . . ." They tell one yarn about a national championship in which a gal, walking on the top of a trap to inspect her ball in the pit, slipped and fell club and all, flat on her back, and her opponent claimed the hole because she grounded her club in the sand. Wheeeeee!

● **Tennis**. August 28. Combined National Singles Championships for men and women, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I. All the best gals and boys in the white flannel circuit in the first tennis double header ever held. If Mrs. Moody suddenly decides to play, you might see a repetition of the greatest match ever played between women players—Jacobs vs. Moody.

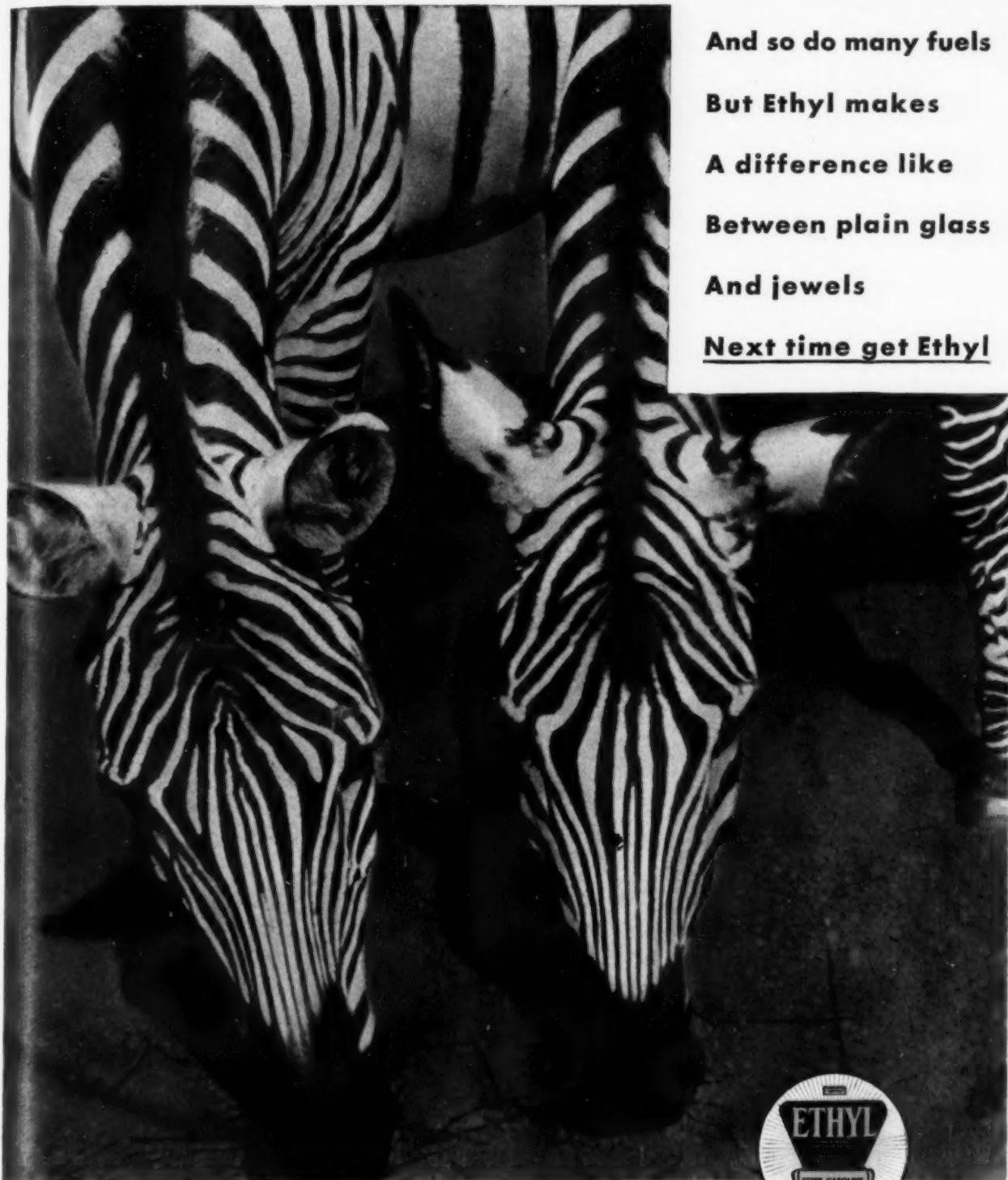
● **The Giddyaps**. Ten days of August still left to pop up to Saratoga and see them run in the only mid-Victorian setting left in this country. Elm trees, setback houses, fashionable Spa in the daytime, night clubs and gambling houses at night.

● **September 2**. The horses return to Aqueduct. Not so hot. Mutuel tracks are much more fun.

● **Polo**. September 7 to September 20. Westbury, L. I. Open championships for the Monty Waterbury Cup. Hard, tough, thrilling play in the most difficult game in the world. And if you sit close enough to the field, you can

(Continued on page 38)

MIKE AND MAME



Look much the same
And so do many fuels
But Ethyl makes
A difference like
Between plain glass
And jewels
Next time get Ethyl



ALWAYS LOOK!
Only pumps which
are identified by the
Ethyl trademark on
the globe or body dis-
pense gasoline con-
taining Ethyl fluid.

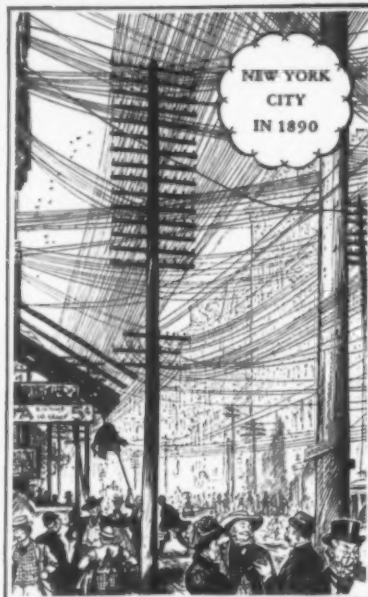
3 FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GASOLINE

1. Pumps marked Ethyl contain the coolest fuel for summer use. That's because, by the action of Ethyl fluid, more of the potential energy of each gallon is transformed into engine power and less sent as waste heat into the cooling system, already battling high outside temperatures.
2. Ethyl fluid is needed to develop full perform-

ance by modern high compression cars every season of the year. It makes older cars, too, run better as carbon and mileage accumulate. That is why approximately 95% of all premium gasoline sold in the United States and Canada now contains Ethyl fluid.

3. Sufficient Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl

lead) is used to produce the highest anti-knock rating by the official test methods of the oil and automotive industries. The all round quality of premium fuel so treated is protected by double inspection at the refinery and at the pump. To get all the power and pleasure from your car investment—NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!



NEW YORK CITY
IN 1890

Years of Progress

HAVE BROUGHT MANY IMPROVEMENTS IN TELEPHONE SERVICE

IN THE early days of the telephone, practically all wires were carried overhead on poles or on house-tops.

If the old system were in use today the streets of our larger cities would scarcely have room enough for their canopy of wires. Traffic would be impeded, telephone service subjected to the whims of nature.

Better ways had to be found and the Bell System found those ways. As many as 1800 pairs of wires are now carried in a cable no larger than a baseball bat. Ninety-four per cent of the Bell System's 80,000,000 miles of wire is in cable; sixty-five per cent of it is beneath the ground.

The present generation does not remember the old days of the telephone. Service is now so efficient that you accept it as a matter of course. Yet it would be far different today if it were not for the Bell System plan of centralized research, manufacture and administration — with localized operation.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



LETTERS



Coughlinism

Please remind K.S.C., who wrote "Coughlinism," that he is both a coward and a liar. A liar because Father Coughlin did use union labor to build the Shrine. A coward because he accepted money for that article, but was afraid to sign his name.

ELMER F. BRANDELL

Louisville, Ky.

[K.S.C. is Kyle S. Crichton, LIFE's book editor.—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

The articles by K.S.C. are really most refreshing and stimulating in these days of muddled thought. To my way of thinking, if you but had a majority of our American public thinking in the same manner as K.S.C. it would be impossible for wars to come about. I believe if these editorials are kept and reviewed ten years from now, a final proof of his prophecies will be apparent to all.

DR. I. E. EDELMAN

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Loaded Dice

Gentlemen:

I read with great interest your Native Industry article by E. Jerome Ellison on loaded dice and marked cards. The occasion for this letter is to ascertain whether it is possible to obtain one of Mason & Company's catalogues. Do they restrict the publication and distribution of this catalogue to members of the profession or can a mere "sucker" obtain one?

PAUL S. ETHERIDGE, JR.

Atlanta, Ga.

[Any one can obtain a catalogue free by writing to Mason & Company, Newark, N. J.—Ed.]

Are You Sure?

Gentlemen:

In the July test, question 15, a manikin in the sense you use it should be spelled "mannikin" or, more commonly, the French way, "mannequin."

MALCOLM E. REMICK

Swampscott, Mass.

[Webster's and Funk & Wagnalls both give "manikin" preference over "mannikin".—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

F.O.B. (August issue) means "Free On Board," not "Freight On Board."

MANNEL HAHN

Winnetka, Ill.

[F.O.B. means either "Free On Board" or "Freight On Board."—Ed.]

Gentlemen:

Question 28 in the August number is perpetuating an error that ought to be corrected. You ask the reasons why in the signs of watches and clocks the hands are fixed at 8:20. If they were marked at 8:20 your answer might be correct, but they are marked at 8:18 and that happens to be the precise

moment at which Lincoln died. He was shot after 9 o'clock in the evening and died next morning at 8:18.

My father was a government clerk in Washington at the time and he told me that the American Horological Institute, or some convention of watchmakers, was being held in Washington at the time and that they passed a resolution that, out of respect for Abraham Lincoln, the hour of his death should appear on all signs showing a watch or clock. You will not find such an advertising watch sign before Lincoln's death, while they are almost universal since. A great many people have confused the matter by associating the watch sign with the time that Lincoln was shot, which is of course wrong.

JUDGE WILLIAM H. KELLER

Superior Court of Pennsylvania
Lancaster, Pa.

Erratum

Gentlemen:

In the August issue of LIFE, on page 47, under the caption "Faculty Minds" occurs the following item:

"We have a good Supreme Court—the best that money can buy."—Dean Dobie, Univ. Va. Law School.

I am writing to deny the authorship of this and to deny that I ever expressed any sentiment reflecting upon the members of the Supreme Court of the United States, for whom I have the highest regard. The item, unfortunate at any time, published in connection with the Dean of an accredited law school, is particularly embarrassing to me now by virtue of my recent appointment at the hands of the Supreme Court to a committee charged with the duty of drafting and submitting to the Supreme Court a uniform set of rules to govern procedure in the

Life

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Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription for twelve months

at [enclosed herewith] \$1.50. (Canadian and Foreign \$2.10.)

Name _____

Address _____

ON SALE THE 20th
OF EVERY MONTH

lower Federal Courts. I hope your sense of fair play will induce you to publish this letter.

A. M. DOBIE, *Dean*

University of Virginia
Department of Law
Charlottesville, Va.

[LIFE regrets the publication of this statement erroneously attributed to Dean Dobie.—Ed.]

Contest Winner

Gentlemen:

Can it be that you are not going to print the opus which won the coveted Panama Canal Crossword Puzzle contest? I haven't a single kick to make on account of not having won the prize, but I did count a great deal on reading the offering that did. Now, for heaven's sake, come on and be a sport about it, even if a lot of people do write you afterward and tell you they think their entry was better.

BERNICE KEPLINGER

Canton, Ohio

Gentlemen:

At the close of each of the 100 or so contests I have entered I have invariably felt disgusted when the award was made. Not merely because I failed to ring the bell, but because the winner either by testimonial, photograph or speech over the air proclaimed him or herself such a sap. Let me congratulate you. Crossword Puzzle Contest winner Wakefield's communication and action pleased me almost as much as though I had won it myself, and proves without doubt that LIFE knows how to pick a winner.

BLANCHE H. GRIFFIN

Ottawa, Kansas

[All contest editors have been faced with this question: "Shall we print the winning entry?" Reason pro: Unsuccessful contestants are entitled to the courtesy. Reason con: Unsuccessful contestants, naturally prejudiced in favor of their own efforts, are sometimes dissatisfied by the decision. Yielding to a flood of requests, LIFE below prints winner Wakefield's literary composition. Solutions to the three crossword puzzles are now available and will be mailed on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.—Ed.]

Old One to Lad

Damnably gas!
Men twist, choke, gasp and die
Prone in the mud.
Not the loud gun,
Nor the swift stab of iron—
Only the gas that gnaws and sears.

* * *

How now, son!
Do you, sir, ask for war?

* * *

Pray God for peace!

+

American Scene

Gentlemen:

I recently learned of the "American Scene" series being published in LIFE and I would very much like to have the June issue. As long as this art series lasts I shall ask for LIFE every month at the newsstands.

CLYDE SINGER

Malvern, Ohio

[A few reprints of the Grant Wood reproduction in the March number are still available; all other reproductions are obtainable only in the regular copies of LIFE, supplied upon request at the newsstand price.—Ed.]

Smoke Less! and with GREATER SATISFACTION



VIRGINIA
ROUNDS

CORN TIPPED
OR
PLAIN END

COPYRIGHT 1952 BENSON & HEDGES

WANNA BUY A COW ?
NOT WHEN I CAN BUY DOLE HAWAIIAN
PINEAPPLE JUICE SO INEXPENSIVELY.



MCLEOD



From the
Rehn Galleries

THE AMERICAN SCENE (Number Seven)

+
"Pretzel Man"
by
James Chapin

Engraving by Powers
Reproduction Corp.



+ SOME OF THE PEOPLE +

OUR COUNTRY

Item

A WASHINGTON, D. C., parking lot, located near a church, offers a 10-cent reduction to all those attending services.

Item

SENATOR Lynn J. Frazier (N. D.), co-author of the farm mortgage moratorium act, not long ago purchased a 19-acre Maryland farm at a mortgage foreclosure sale.

Item

TWO thousand brooms and two thousand dish mops are a part of the equipment necessary to handle the National Boy Scout Jamboree encampment in Washington, August 21 to 30.

Item

RECENTLY the Navy asked sealed bids on surplus materials at the Boston Navy Yard. Lot 54 consisted of: 1,223 hose washers, 5 gas tank covers, 17 dogs, 5 airport frames, 21 lifting gear guides, 15 hinges, 52 pads, 2 dock rings and 8 trousers' hangers.

Pens

ABOUT this matter of the President using several different pens in signing a bill. He could use fifty different pens, one for each letter, period and comma, if he wanted to, but even that wouldn't satisfy the hunger of Congressmen and officials for such distinguished souvenirs.

The highest number of pens used by a President on one bill occurred when President Roosevelt used six different ones to approve the Public Enemy Bill, which gave the G-men their chance. The pens cost only a cent or so apiece and are always given to the persons most interested in the particular piece of legislation. President Wilson once gave a gold pen each to Carter Glass and Robert Owen, authors of the Federal Reserve Act, when he signed that

measure, but no measure of sufficient importance to warrant such extravagance has come up during this administration so far. Besides, they would have to be of silver.

Sol

IF you haven't been keeping up, you may be under the vague impression that calendar reform has something to do with squeezing an extra month into the year somewhere. If so, you're wrong. There was a time when people thought it would be a good idea to sandwich a new month—called *Sol*—between June and July, but that movement has pretty well died down now and the main concern of the World Calendar Association is now a year of 12 months which, once established, will never vary in daily progression. The idea has powerful, inter-

national backing, and bids fair to overtake time in the very near future. Here is how the calendar works.

The year begins on Sunday—always on Sunday—and is divided into quarters, with the first month of each quarter—January, April, July and October—having 31 days, and the rest, 30. February thus comes of age, and April gains, too, but if your birthday falls on the 31st of March, May or August, you'll either have to accept the first of the following month or do without; those three days are dropped by the wayside. December drops a day, too, but only nominally—since the year must end on the 30th, a Saturday, the 31st is taken care of by being called Year-End Day, a sort of free-style, extra Saturday. That gives two days in which to work up towards New Year's Eve. In the same manner, the extra day that

LAMENTATION ON BOARD THE VESTALIA

Length O.A. 118 Extreme Breadth 21-6

Draft 10-5

OH Steward, fetch another drink and place it by my chair.
These Democratic demagogues are getting in my hair.
Although I seem a wealthy man, I'm nervous in my niche,
More nervous every time I read of plans to "Soak the Rich."
Although I dance in flannel pants and people call me "skipper,"
Beneath my braid I masquerade a heart that's not so chipper.
How little Congress knows of my responsibilities.
Alack alas, alas alack, and several woe-is-mes!

Does Congress know how much it costs to keep this boat in fuel?
Or pay insurance premiums on a royal Russian jewel?
Or put on outdoor pageants for a lot of foreign phonies?
Or feed and board a son-in-law's imported polo ponies?
Or pay two faithless former wives their legal alimonies?
Or run a couple of big estates to keep up with my cronies?
Though "Soak the Rich, The Filthy Rich" is heard from countless throats,
I'm living by the Grace of God and Promissory Notes.

I sometimes sit and envy all the upper lower masses
(While they, in turn, are envying the lower upper classes).
Tuxedo and The Lido are familiar with my tread.
I'm in The Social Register—and also in the red!
To pass this law means nothing more than signing with a pen,
But if I can't meet expenses *now* how can I meet them *then*?
It's quite *au fait* to pay your way when called upon to give,
But after all, remember, even millionaires must live.

—ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

comes with Leap Year is tossed in at the end of June. It doesn't *belong* to June, you understand, it's just put there.

If everything works out satisfactorily (it will take an international treaty), the sponsors of the calendar expect to see it go into effect January 1, 1939, which is a Sunday. From the looks of things, it probably will; the only protests to date come from people born on the 13th of January, April, July and October, which, under the new order, will be a Friday.

Names

FOLLOWING our little piece on names a while ago we have been doing some more intensive research among telephone directories. The most chic name we have run across to date is Nornette Zipp of St. Louis. The name Constantin Attanasoff Pop of the Manhattan Directory has a cer-

tain attraction, too. It sounds almost as much like a man falling downstairs as the famous Jefferson Watterson Klump.

In the Manhattan directory, it's ten pages from Piller to Post, and there is a Streets of New York even if there is no Sidewalks. In the Boston directory there are some 54 Cabots who might or might not speak to 62 Lowells. Of the latter, Merle Swain Lowell is the most euphonious, but it's adequately balanced by Sidney DeQuincey Cabot.

There is no Addison Simms in the Seattle directory, but there is an Alvin Simms; and the nearest to an Eli Yale in the New Haven book is one Herman Yale. We could dig up but two Zilches in all these United States: P. L. Zilch lives in Omaha and is not to be confused with G. L. Zilch of St. Louis. Our search for a John and Jane Doe ended with a Jens Doe of Chicago and

a Minnie Doe of Portland, Oregon.

In Detroit, a Mr. Falconer O'Brien probably realizes that his initials are F.O.B. But even though he lives in Detroit he need not feel self-conscious, for with him in the same directory are George Coupe, Gilbert Sedan, William Axelrod and C. B. Roads.

There's a Prescott Fish in Cape Cod, a Fred Waters in Niagara Falls, a Fred Miner in Pittsburgh and a John Beer in Milwaukee. Atlanta has its John Law and Lewis Crook; Hollywood can boast of Samuel Director, Helen Screene, Thomas Photos, two Lens—Eric and Abin—and ten Hams. The Washington directory rewarded us with a Whitehouse, a Speaker, thirteen Laws and the familiar Gassaway. In Chicago there is a John Gunn, James Gunner, Joseph Gunning and William Gunlock; also a D. Crimes and T. Police.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Item

THE United States manufactures 6,000 different sizes and types of grocers' paper bags, 29 varieties of milk bottle caps, 44 sizes of common brick, hospital beds in 33 different lengths, 4,000 varieties of shotgun shells, 715,200 types of grinding wheels and 552 kinds of woven wire fence.

Stock Shots

WHEN the motion picture you are watching suddenly flashes back to a battle scene of the World War or gives a quick glimpse of Times Square on New Year's Eve, you can be pretty sure that the company buys the scene from Morris and Sidney Kandel. The brothers Kandel, owners of General Film Library, Inc., have the "largest stock shot library in the industry," over 20,000,000 feet of film indexed and cross-indexed, and "are to the film industry what the Congressional Library is to Congress." That is, of course, putting it mildly.

Here you may buy, if you have a streak of nostalgia and a film projector, a view of the San Francisco earthquake, a riot in Union Square or a convention in Madison Square Garden; a shot of McKinley's funeral, or Teddy Roosevelt shouting, or Calvin Coolidge sitting; you may, in fact, buy the print of any notable event since the beginning of the century. And the brothers



Kandel will accommodate you even further: the Battle of Antietam, say, or Paul Revere spreading the word; Crusaders storming the walls, or Caesar crossing the Rubicon—all photographed with convincing realism.

A few years ago Warners made a picture dealing with an aviation hero and needed a welcome home scene: parade up Broadway, hysterical mob, floods of ticker tape—the works. They bought views of the Lindbergh reception from the Kandels, cut in closeups of their own star smiling and waving from the back seat of a car, and no one who saw the picture knew the difference. Except, perhaps, Lindbergh.

When you see a shot of a dam bursting, or of planes crashing in mid-air, you can be pretty sure it came from the Kandels. That Paramount series called "Memories" came from them, too. It is their boast that they have on hand, and can supply on a few hours' notice, practically any scene that might conceivably be asked for. And if they haven't it, they'll get it for you.

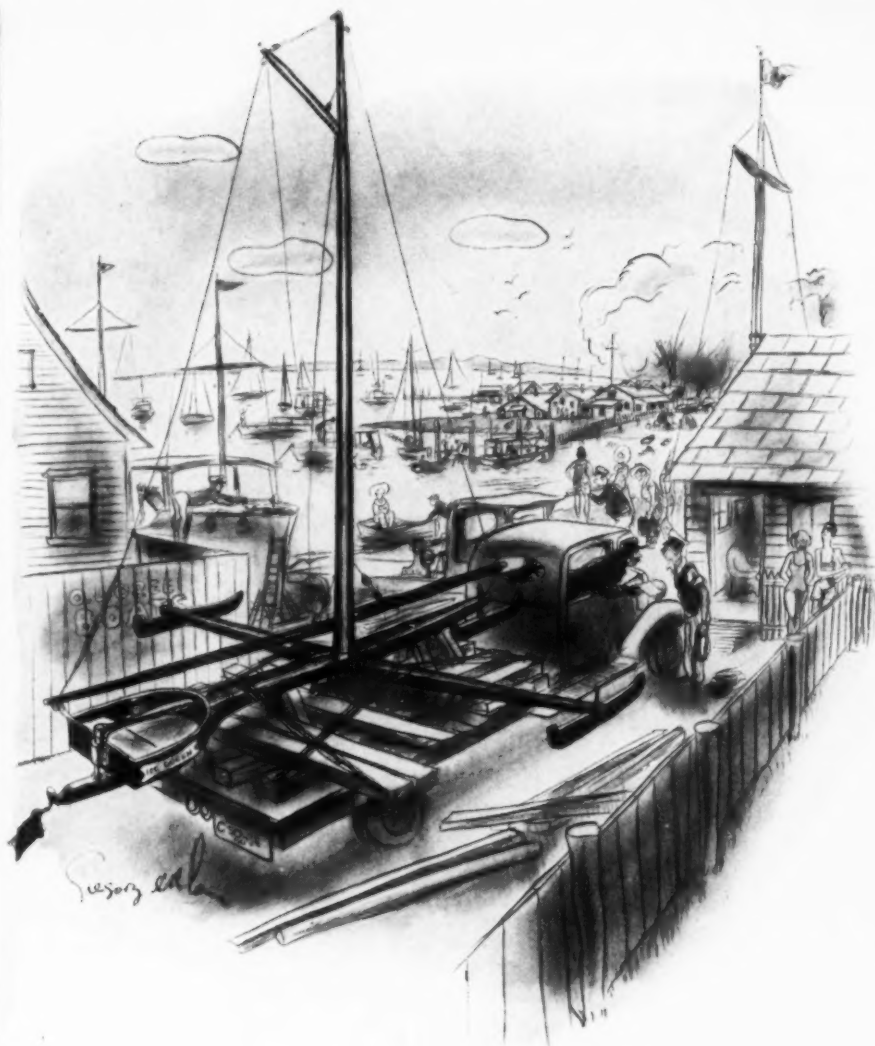
In the field of supplying film to private parties (far more altruistic than profitable), the Kandels have been faced with some strange requests and have not as yet failed. Recently a young lecturer came to brother Sidney with an urgent problem. He had engaged to lecture on Egypt before a fashionable woman's club, but his knowledge of Egypt was, to say the least, negligible. Accordingly, Mr. Kandel pieced together a thirty-minute travelogue, comprehensive and fraught with interest. Then, when the lecturer pointed out that this was only half the battle, Mr. Kandel wrote a running commentary to go with it. The talk was quite a success. Fortunately no questions were asked from the floor.

SPORTS

Crowds

WORLD Series or any other baseball crowds leave behind an assortment of beer and pop bottles, newspapers, cigarettes, coats, umbrellas, brief cases, small change. At Yankee Stadium false teeth are frequently discovered among the junk turned in. At the Polo Grounds (Giants) an agreeable superintendent flatly said that no such things were ever found.

Other items were identical—coats,



"I'm sorry I've been so long delivering this!"

brief cases, pop and beer bottles. "Anything you can think of, they leave it here," was how the Giants' super put it.

We asked if they ever left dogs, but it seems that animals aren't allowed in most baseball parks. As for jewelry, it's confined to the cheapest sort. Fact is, anything valuable is generally carried off by other customers and the management never sees it.

Most valuable harvest, really, is the crop of beer and pop bottles. These are sold to a concessionaire at so much a season and picked up right after each game by a score of his boys with gunny bags. The concessionaire sorts them and returns them to the bottlers at 2c for beer bottles, 1/2c or so for pop.

Football crowds are entirely different. A visit to Baker Field (Columbia University) revealed that the football

audience is just as excitable as the baseball and considerably drunker. They think nothing of leaving cushions, automobile robes, jewelry. In fact they leave so much that neighborhood urchins have learned to swarm around right after a game and grab everything in sight. The management hires boys to swarm in first, but with no luck.

One customer, apparently having a dandy time, went home without his fur coat. He got it back. Another—and this never happened in any baseball park—went away without his high silk topper.

"Imagine wearing it to a football game," remarked the superintendent's wife.

At football stadia the bottle concession is worthless, because only liquor bottles are found and these have to be



"I'm looking for some place to wash my hands."

smashed according to law. Since Repeal they're declined, by the way. The question of dental plates doesn't belong here either, as collegiate people either don't wear them or don't lose them.

When it comes to really dignified audiences, as those at outdoor concerts, the results are negative. The box-office man at local Lewisohn Stadium reports that beyond a few papers they leave nothing. Nothing except gloves.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Unappreciated

WE wondered if Huey Long's paper, *The American Progress*, would print the complete text of his "greatest speech in history." It didn't.

Nut World

WE always thought stove mounting was something you just up and did, like putting on screens. It's a lot deeper than that, though, and you can read all about it in the *Stove Mounters' and Range*

Workers' Journal. If you're vitally concerned with the journal field there is also the *Macaroni Journal*, the *Lamp Buyers' Journal*, the *Sewage Works Journal* and the *Stark Jewish Journal*, to mention a few.

Favorite of ours is that aptly titled *American Blue Book of Funeral Directors*, but we also confess a weakness for the *Cat Gazette*, the *Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Monthly*, and the *Fish and Oyster Reporter*. There is a publication, too, which must be for that vast crowd of lonely mortals who throng the sides of excavations to watch someone else at work. The title is *The Building Witness*, but there is also a magazine for the men they are witnessing; it's called *The Earth Mover*.

There's a *Detective* magazine in the trade field, but it's only for chiefs of police and the like and doesn't mention such things as butlers and mysterious notes. Most of the cover titles are pretty intoxicating, though, such as the *Compressed Air Magazine*, *Corset and Underwear Revue*, *Dental Delegate*, *Handkerchief Bulletin*, *Roadside Mer-*

chant and *Skyscraper Management*. Not a few of them feel that "national" helps them a bit, like the *National Hay Press*, *National Mortician*, *National Butter & Cheese Journal*, and *National Nurserymen*. The same applies to "modern," with *Modern Beauty Shop*, *Modern Cemetery*, etc.

Of course there's always the *Peanut Journal* and *Nut World* for those who want to shriek, and in addition there's the *Goat World*. *Sportologue* might be most anything, but it's a horse breeding magazine; same with *The Common Herd*, which might be a horse breeding periodical, but is a free thought affair. The title we liked best was that alliterative, euphonious magazine, *The Southern Surgeon*. Repeat that once or twice. It just floats off your tongue.

GREAT MINDS

"I WAS watching a friend of mine just the other day put a diaper on a baby, and I thought it was the cutest thing I ever saw in my life."

—Max Baer.

"Cards, as you know very well, are largely used for gambling purposes."

—Senator Carter Glass.

"Love scenes are much more beautiful without a kiss."

—Paul Muni.

"It is true old age and misfortune deserve protection."

—Herbert Hoover.

"All that matters is what they call the box office."

—Greta Garbo.

"I don't know what 'grass roots' means."

—Alfred E. Smith.

"My opinion is that any great story is O.K."

—Carl Laemmle.

"I'm just as big a man as Roosevelt, maybe even bigger."

—Huey Long.

"Huey Long was born in the dark of the moon, and only poor white trash are born in the dark of the moon."

—Rep. Gassaway.

"Another war is impossible."

—Evangeline Booth.

MR. CULLUM AND THE TRENCH



It was Mr. Cullum who constructed our periscope for us. At the time we considered it one of the most astounding inventions we had ever seen and I felt a little ashamed that it wasn't my father instead of Mr. Cullum who had produced this marvel. It was done with a jointed section of drain pipe and the lenses out of an old pair of opera glasses and through it we could spot the enemy creeping upon us from around the corner of the Cullum house without having to peer over the top of our trench and expose ourselves to the deadly fire.

In awful silence we would wait, air rifles clutched against thumping breasts, straining to see through the periscope. Then, when the Hun got within firing distance, we would let him have it and he would roll over, twitching and moaning until we called out a shrill "Veevla Franz!"

Normally, following such encounters, Mr. Cullum would knock the ashes from his pipe and go about showing us how to make some new addition to the trench, such as a marvelous sign in real French which pointed the way to the officers' quarters, or a piece of barbed wire strung back and forth in front of a short section of No Man's Land.

The trench really made a horrible mess out of the Cullum back yard—always neat with nicely trimmed grass and flower beds. From time to time Mrs. Cullum would come out and gaze wistfully at the remains of her zinnias in the center of which was located the front line, where her husband was enthusiastically digging us a new outpost or constructing a firing step.

In fact, it was Mr. Cullum who really made the trench what it was. When Dick and I first started digging we had in mind only a short excavation which would serve as an impregnable fortress from which the one of us who was the German at the time could be riddled through and through by a machine gun in sturdy British or French hands. But Mr. Cullum got so interested in our work that he extended it right

through the zinnias and into the hollyhocks before he realized it. Then he only laughed and looked a little sheepishly towards the house and showed us how to brace the sides with some timbers left over from our new sidewalk.

On Saturdays we would spend the entire day fighting, calling a truce at noon to sneak across No Man's Land to our kitchen doors. In the afternoon hostilities were resumed and we banged away at each other until we were so hoarse we could scarcely cry out another "Kamerad!" or "Surrender!"

ONE May afternoon, late in the day, Mr. Cullum was sitting on the back porch as usual, alertly watching us sniping at each other and calling out sharp orders of command to first one side and then the other. He took a great delight in such terms as "right flank attack" and "frontal attack" and used them without much discrimination, but with a world of authority and sternness. It was a particularly auspicious day because only a few hours before he had completed for us a remarkable tank by taking an old copper washboiler, cutting the rear end

off and making slits for the guns and observer, then mounting the whole thing on Dick's old coaster wagon.

I was in the tank at the time, slowly advancing from the left while Dick was ducking back and forth in the trench hurling bombs which exploded beautifully when they hit the sides of the washboiler, sending a shower of dried dirt into my eyes through the observer's slit. At some time during this performance Mrs. Cullum must have come silently out on the porch and laid the evening newspaper on Mr. Cullum's lap. At any rate, the first thing we heard was a terrific shout and then Mr. Cullum started dancing up and down and pounding the railing. "Now we're in it!" he kept yelling. "Now we're in it!" Dick and I stopped fighting and came up on the porch beside him. Over his shoulder we read the headlines:

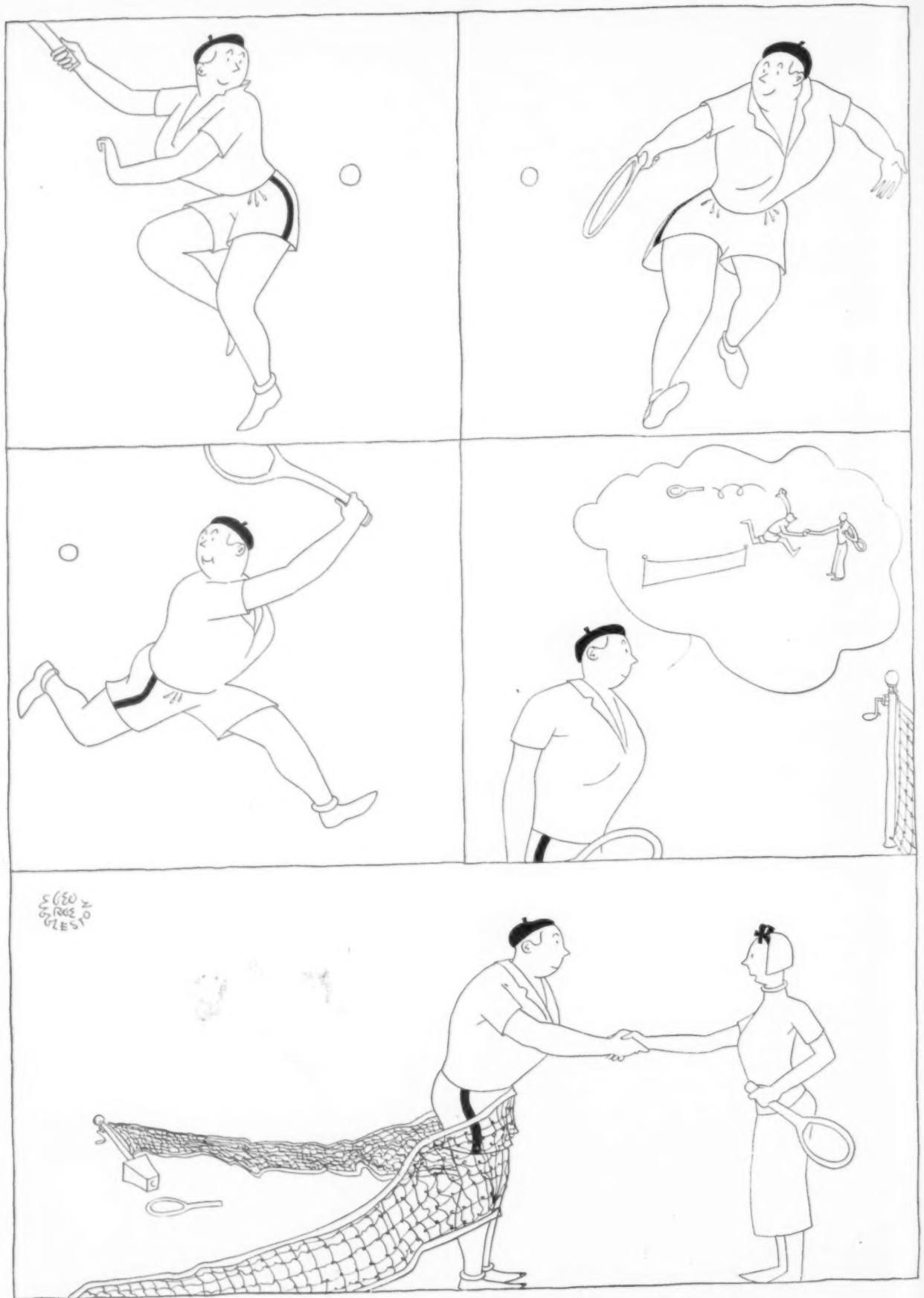
LUSITANIA SUNK BY U-BOAT!

Mr. Cullum never sat on the back porch and watched us play War again. A month later he was a Captain in the Home Guard and two weeks later became a Four-Minute Man. And before long we, too, were busy knitting squares for Belgian baby blankets, selling Thrift Stamps to each other, and collecting Liberty Bond posters.

The trench stayed in the Cullum back yard all during 1917 and 1918,



"Here I come, ready or not!"



slowly filling up as the dirt collapsed here and there. People started throwing rubbish in it and once I noticed a dead cat in the officers' quarters. The tank lay on its side and accumulated a greenish coat while Dick and I learned to hiss at those who drove their cars on Gasless Sundays and shout "Hun!" at poor old Mr. Schlossmann, the baker down in the next block.

It was the spring after the Armistice that I cut through the Cullum back yard one afternoon and found Mr. Cullum standing, shovel in hand, staring at the trench as though it wasn't there. I came up right behind him before I spoke and he jumped. Then he laughed and started shoveling at a furious rate, but soon stopped, puffing. "Guess we'd better make a lawn out of this nonsense again, hey?" he said. "Be nice to have it looking normal again. No more of this stuff for us, hey?"

"Yes, it will look better," I replied. He resumed his shoveling and I left, but when I stopped at our kitchen door and looked back he had stopped again and was looking down at the trench as though it wasn't there.

—IRVING D. TRESSLER

LIFE LINES

IT'S always something. Wealthy people don't get the necessary roughage in their food and poor people don't get the necessary food in their roughage.

One thing that makes the summer air so pleasant is the number of radio programs that get off it.

A communist is a fellow who thinks it's more likely that there's something wrong with the country than with him.

In our opinion Roosevelt certainly has what it takes to win the next election. Five billion dollars of it, in fact.

The emperor of Ethiopia seems about as afraid of Mussolini as Joe Louis was of Carnera.

The average life of a popular song is two weeks, according to a recent survey. After that it has to have its name changed.



"Dead calm or no dead calm, I've got to make a cocktail party by 5:30."

EMBARRASSED

- A. The Geographers of Honduras were embarrassed when a charted mountain suddenly disappeared during an earthquake.
- B. The Nurses of Louisiana were embarrassed when the State Supreme Court ruled that the biting of his nurse is an infant's prerogative.
- C. The Pants Pressers of America were embarrassed when a chemist discovered a fluid applicable to trousers which affords a *perpetual crease*.
- D. The Bobbed-haired Señoritas of Mexico were embarrassed when

Governor Canabal branded the wearing of bobbed hair as an act of "treason."

- E. The Dogs of Texas were embarrassed when the courts at Cleburne ruled that dogs are not legally members of the "family circle."
- F. The Singers of Spain were embarrassed when the Society of Authors levied a \$28 fee on each encore number sung on the stage.
- G. Museum Directors of America were embarrassed when Dr. George de Cornell reported "eight false Monets" in America—and numerous fake Corots.

—W. E. F.



"Bostwick is our best man. He draws 1200 Popeyes a day."

NAME IN THE MAKING

MR. Lane came home from the office with a thick brief case. He set it down on a chair just inside the door, and pitched his hat into the closet. He said to his wife: "I have to work tonight," and hoped he didn't look too self-conscious.

Mrs. Lane said: "That's too bad. Come and have a cocktail. Martinis."

"Maybe I oughtn't to drink," Mr. Lane said. "I have to work tonight. We're adding a new refrigerator to the line, and Thorpe told me to pick out a name for it."

"Just one drink won't hurt you," Mrs. Lane said. "I hate to drink alone."

"It's a cheaper box than any we've made before," Mr. Lane said. "So a name is very important."

"Why?" Mrs. Lane asked, and poured a second Martini into his glass.

He picked it up unconsciously and

drained it. "So that it won't sound cheap," Mr. Lane explained. "But different—you know, special."

"We're having a cold supper tonight," Mrs. Lane said. "I'll go put it on." She carried her drink out of the living room, into the dinette, and then out of sight through the swinging door.

Mr. Lane got up and brought the big brief case over to his chair. He opened it. The first batch of papers were the designer's drawings, front elevation, top, sides. It was a white refrigerator, lower than most, and it opened from the top.

"Something about hip-high," Mr. Lane muttered. "No, that sounds anatomical. Convenient height? ConHi? That doesn't mean anything. Venient-Hite?" He found that there was some cocktail left in the shaker. It tasted mostly of ice water.

Mrs. Lane came back into the dinette carrying a platter of coldcuts. She set it down and said: "You look worried. Another drink?"

"I don't want to drink too much," Mr. Lane said anxiously. "I have to think up a name for this baby." That sounded pretty good—casual, as though he thought up names every day.

If you put the elevations all together, it still would look like a pretty sad ice-box. He put the designer's drawings away, and got out the engineering department's description of the box.

Hot air goes up. A top opener—Top-O-Penner?—does not expose the refrigerating unit to hot air currents. Rite-Angle? Sounds like a peculiar shape.

Meets the equivalent of umpty pounds of ice a day. No dangerous or explosive refrigerators used. Few moving parts. Trubl-Proof? Refrigerating unit set at very top. Hi-Ice? Hi, ice, come here and have a drink. The shaker was empty.

Mrs. Lane came in and put a wooden salad bowl next to the cold cuts.

Mr. Lane put the engineering department reports away, and sat back, thinking. After all, a man's best thoughts came from within. Outside stimulation was not necessary to the man of imagination.

Mrs. Lane came back and added a pitcher of ice-tea to the table. "Come on and eat, dear." He went into the dinette.

"I saw a cartoon once," Mrs. Lane said, "of a man who was all tired out from naming hounds all day. Have some ice-tea. It's nice and cool."

"Let's go to a movie tonight," Mr. Lane said. "There's a swell show around the corner."

"But I thought you had to work tonight," Mrs. Lane said. She helped him to some coldcuts.

Mr. Lane snapped his fingers. "Oh, I finished while you were putting the supper on. The Cooler, that's what it's going to be. Thorpe's Cooler."

"All right," Mrs. Lane said. "Let's go to a movie."

—RICHARD WORMSER

ALIMONY THEME SONG

DARLING, since our love must end
Presently . . . I think
That my broken heart will mend
Quicker—wrapped in mink.

—J. S. C.

MRS. G. AND THE APARTMENT



IT was a very nice place with a screened porch overlooking the bay; the mattresses weren't too hard, and there were plenty of pots and pans in the kitchen. The rent was so low for a seashore resort that Aggie and I

wondered what the catch was. We got an inkling when the agent handed us our key. "The owner," he said in a confidential whisper, "lives in the apartment below. Mrs. Gabriel, her name is. She's kind of a queer old duck. But just don't pay any attention to her."

That was easier said than done. Signs of Mrs. Gabriel were everywhere. In the bathroom closet were stickers on which was written in a meticulous hand: "No toothpaste on the mirror, please." The kitchen cupboard informed us that "There have never been any ants in this house!" And the bottoms of the saucepans pleaded "Don't burn me!"

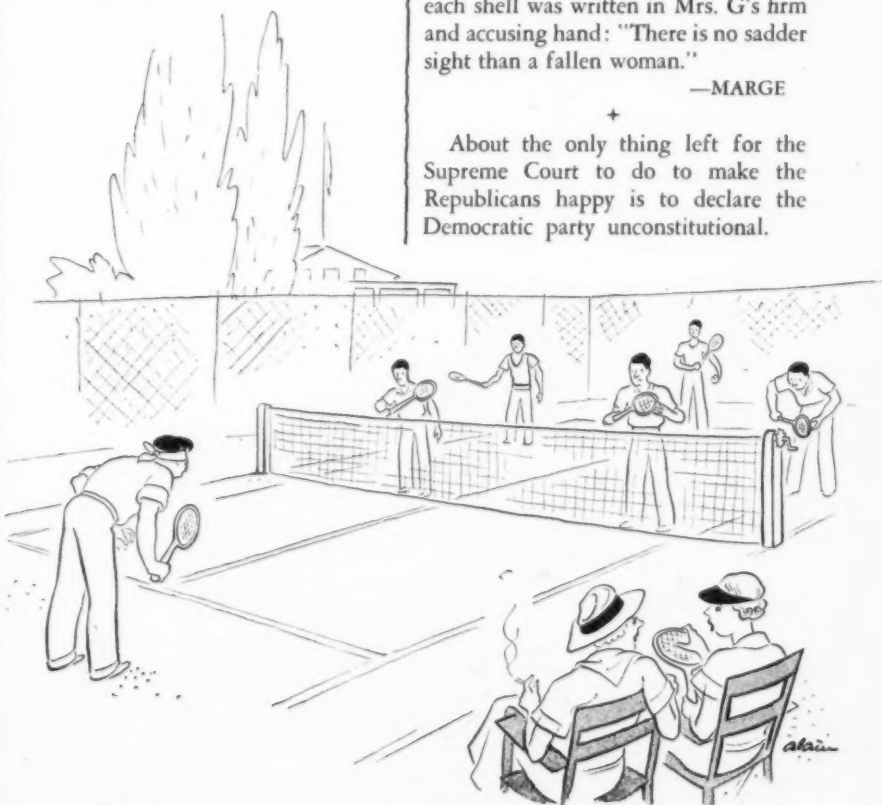
While we were staggering in from the car with suitcases and rolls of bedding, a curtain in the downstairs apartment was discreetly drawn aside and we could feel unseen eyes watching. But we didn't encounter Mrs. Gabriel in person until we'd finished unpacking. We were both pretty dirty by that time so we got into our sun suits and each had a shampoo. Then we went out on the back porch overlooking the road to dry our hair. We hadn't been there a minute when a door downstairs flew open and out bursts Mrs. G.

She was a short female of impressive girth, dressed in a sort of Mother Hubbard thing that reached to her ankles. Her grey hair was screwed into a tight knot, and her eyes were black and penetrating. She put her hands on her hips and stood looking at us with an expression of extreme distaste. "Young women," she declaimed, "this is a respectable house!"

As the days passed we became more and more Gabriel-conscious. Whenever we came home from the beach or dancing at the hotel, we felt that Mrs. G. had been prowling in our apartment. We never caught her in the act, but we just knew she'd been there. Oc-

asionally she'd leave evidence behind her in the form of a new sticker. We found one inside the victrola lid once, stating simply: "Invention of the devil."

AFTER two weeks of close observation, however, she began to weaken. She still kept a chaperone's eye out, but you could tell she was softening. And when finally one afternoon she invited us downstairs to tea, we felt positively triumphant. Aggie flattened her permanent under a hair net and I removed the enamel from my fingernails before we went down. The apartment was so jammed with odds and ends that we could scarcely swing an elbow, but the tea was very good. After we finished she showed us some of the fruits of her fishing expeditions. A bottle with a note in it, a man's straw hat, a wicker chair. She also showed us some photographs of her son, a lumpy looking man in his forties. A doctor, she told us. "He has a very fine practice," she said, "but it's in New York City, alas. Sodom and Gomorrah!"



"John made one of his drunken bets and they all accepted."

After that tea we were almost pals with Mrs. Gabriel. She brought us cookies and recipes, and mended the window screens; and she was quite wonderful the time Aggie ate the honeydew melon and got ptomaine.

When our month was over she seemed really sorry to see us go. As we were about to leave, she came puffing out to the car with a parcel. "A going away present," she explained. "Just a little reminder of Halcyon Hall."

We rolled away out of Mrs. Gabriel's life, and when we could no longer see her ample figure outlined against the setting sun, Aggie opened the package. It contained two large conch shells carefully covered with aluminum paint. "Good heavens!" Aggie gasped, "did you ever see anything so awful? She probably spent hours on them! Poor old thing, she did think we were terrible at first. I'm glad we finally convinced her that we were pure as the driven snow."

We bumped happily along over the gravel roads. Suddenly Aggie uttered a muffled shriek. "Why, the old devil!" she said, thrusting the 'reminders' under my nose, "Look at this!" Inside each shell was written in Mrs. G's firm and accusing hand: "There is no sadder sight than a fallen woman."

—MARGE

About the only thing left for the Supreme Court to do to make the Republicans happy is to declare the Democratic party unconstitutional.

TEARS IN A BEER



BISHOP CANNON, where art thou? Oh, where art thou, where art thou,
Bishop Cannon?

Art thou, perchance in darkest Africa, or perchance tenting on the
banks of the River Shannon?

I think it would be fine sometime
If thou wouldst drop us a line sometime,
If thou wouldst give us a couple of dignified statements or hot-
diggety editorials,

Letting us know what thou thinkest of the present state of Pro-
hibition, Temperance, and Public Morials.

What is a front page
Without thee in a rage?
Alas and for shame, Bishop Jimmy,
What kind of world is it in which thou canst not raise a million
dollars in five minutes merely by saying Gimme!

Time was when power gave a rosy, godlike tinge to thee,
When the crack of thy whip
Was the slip twixt the nation's cup and the nation's lip.
To make themselves heard against thee people were unable,
For thou wert as mighty as the Angel Gabriel even if not so debonair
as the Angel Gable;

Thy blows were lightning and thy commandments were thunder,
And thine aces were dealt from under.

My, my, my how quaint to remember the ado
Over 3 point 2!

To dream of the days when the penitentiary was handy
For the doctor who believed in the efficacy of brandy;
The good old days when thou, in thy bishop-like and Christian loving
kindness,

Expressed publicly thy pleasure when scofflaws were visited with
death and blindness!

When the Capones straddled the cities and the citizens walked in
humility,

And all because thou didst arrogate to thyself the quality to which
thou didst loudly object in the Pope, which is
infallibility!

Bishop Cannon, where art thou? Where is now thy deliberately obscure
orbit?

It seems to me that for a more than ruthless obloquy-dealer-out thou
showest a strange reluctance to absorb it.

And in any case I should say that to taunt a man when he is
down isn't Hoyle or cricket,

But nothing would treat me to a heartier guffaw than a plea for
fairness emanating from thee or Deets Pickett.

—OGDEN NASH

OUR NATIVE INDUSTRIES — VIII

FOR DEAR OLD EVINRUDE

ON September 13 or 14 a score of outboard hydroplanes will roar half a mile up Philadelphia's Schuylkill River, skid around a buoy and roar back. When the race is over there will be much gnashing of teeth and another new outboard racing champion.

Among us old salts there is some debate as to whether this event amounts to much. On one hand more people are splashing around in motor boats this year than at any time in history. But there is already a slew of outboard winners. Every race has at least three; most regattas have races for five sizes of outboard motors and there are some sixty regattas in this country a year. There are trophies for winners of the Albany-New York marathon; and there is a separate series of champions based on season's points. All told there are about five hundred outboard winners and near-winners a year who might hope to get their names into the papers.

Outboard racing is at least notably screwy, however. This year's racing hydroplane, of which five sizes are in common use, remains a slight, flattened shell made of veneer and canvas which may skip along at 65 miles per hour with a 60 horsepower, four-cylinder motor. In this skimpy affair kneels the driver, wearing knee pads and the required life jacket. At 45 or 50 miles the hundred to hundred and fifty-pound shell whams from one wave to the next in a way that jolts the driver's interior, and once in a while shakes the motor off or the boat apart. If the water is choppy the driver gets drenched at once. Water puts the motor out, electric shocks stray from the plugs, fire spouts, gasoline pipes snap loose, half-sunk piles loom ahead.

Frequently driftwood hits the propeller and turns the boat over. Sometimes the boat just fills up with spray and sinks. Often the driver bounces out and the "wild boat" dashes on till it runs out of gas or hits something.

Many an accident is a totally new idea. During a race on Lake Elsinore (Southern California) a season or two past, Roger Swartwood heard his motor speed up to a sudden whine. His boat slowed. The crankshaft had broken.



An instant later the fly-wheel came loose from the motor, whipped into the boat and gashed Swartwood's ankle.

John I. Wilkinson was leading the field when he saw a wild duck swimming around just ahead. The duck ducked, but came up in time to be whammed by a propeller whirling three times as fast as an airplane prop. The hydroplane swerved and turned over, throwing Wilkinson in the path of several other racers who fortunately missed him. The duck never knew what happened.

On Lake Michigan, Lawrence Masters was leading when a piston rod let go, rammed a hole in the crankcase and bombarded him with ball bearings. A second later the rod shot out and punched him in the middle so hard that he flopped into the boat unconscious. Another driver struck a large

piece of driftwood and flew twenty-five feet before he hit the water.

One had the misfortune to run into another hydroplane's wake too hard and upset directly in front of a competitor making about 43 miles. By diving he escaped with a few small propeller cuts. In another race a steering cable broke and wrapped itself around the driver's neck, and in still another one of the boats sank with the driver's legs so tangled under the deck that he also sank. Got out, though.

PEOPLE of various ages and sexes have done all these things in the name of sport. There are a number of drawbacks to serious racing, however. A driver, amateur or professional, gives up most of his time from the end of May to the middle of September. In order to compete for the Townsend medal (outboard's most coveted prize, given on a basis of points won during an entire season) he may have to race at Philadelphia one week, Detroit the next, Worcester the following. He generally drives an old car

+
"Careful,
John! It
might be
loaded!"
+



or light truck containing one or several motors, spare parts, tools, the whole like a bunch of grapes hung with hydroplane shells.

When not actually racing or traveling he has to clean up his favorite motor, dust the inside of the cylinders, polish the throat of the intake manifold with a silk handkerchief. Cleaning done, the motor is wrapped in a blanket to keep out grit, possibly carried to the driver's hotel room and hung over his bed.

An amateur's life is further complicated by the fact that he has to worry about amateur standing, which is lost if he accepts a prize (not a trophy) worth over \$50, recommends a boat or gadget for profit, hires himself out to any one in the industry, accepts expenses, borrows money indiscreetly, borrows a professional's boat or engine, or merely if the National Outboard Racing Commission decides he is no amateur. He also signs a release from liability before entering any race, saying that no matter what happens to his boat or himself, it's all right.

One feature of outboard racing is a little nuttier than the others. Though

there is still some belief that college football players are inspired by devotion to Alma Mater, outboard men have no such incentive. Outboard's "Harvard" and "Yale" are two octopi, the Johnson Motor Company of Waukegan (Illinois) and the Outboard Motors Corporation

(Evinrude and Elto motors, Milwaukee). Gate receipts being practically zero, the chief profit of the sport is the advertising these companies get. As Motor Boating recently made it clear:

"The great growth of outboard motor boating can be credited largely to the sagacity, far-sightedness and co-operative spirit of the outboard motor manufacturers, in their generous support of the sports association. The National Outboard Association which has done such magnificent work in developing the sport of outboarding—and the consequent sale of outboard equipment."

As octopi Johnson and Outboard are no great shakes, each doing a yearly business of four million or less, with net profits well below half a million apiece, often heavy losses. Selling about 30,000 motors a year each, they are easily the world's largest makers of outboard motors. No other country turns these out in such quantities. Both claim to lose money on sales of racing motors, but admit the advertising is fine. In the boating field, commercialism is disarmingly frank.

For years these twin octopi have been tangled in a death struggle which has more than once threatened to throttle them; in fact it did throw Johnson into a "friendly receivership" from which it is now recovering. Few outboard races



have been so close and so full of hell dives as this battle of balance sheets. It is the real Outboard Race, the struggle that has infused all outboard races with a sort of fanatic rivalry. Any motor dealer will go into details.

In the putt-putt days the field belonged to the

late Ole Evinrude. The most ardent Johnson men never deny that this bulbous, blue-eyed nut on machinery, born on a Norwegian farm named Evinrude, invented the outboard engine and set it up in business. In 1913 Evinrude sold out for a couple of hundred thousands. For seven years he puttered around with motors, reentering the field with the Elto in 1920. Thus competition began. Ole Evinrude had made a number of improvements during the seven years, and his new engines began to speed things up. At first the race was between "The only and original Evinrude" (Ole's first company) and the "Elto Outboard Motor Company, Ole Evinrude, President."

One of the Original Evinrude mechanical men was Louis J. Johnson. When Evinrude and Elto were fighting hardest, in 1921, he resigned and thought up the Johnson motor. For several years all three companies showed pleasant balance sheets. By 1928 the battle was getting tough; engineers began staying up nights finding ways to make motors go faster. Special guards were put around the factories to shoo away snoopers. That year racing speeds jumped from around 20 miles to over 30. Family boats spurted from 8 miles an hour to 16.

Speed records were broken about once a month. Each victory was a win for dear old Evinrude, old Elto, old Johnson. Whenever an amateur or specially hired professional set a new speed, the fact was hailed in full-page advertisements in eight or ten magazines.

Johnson took the lead, and by choosing associates with capital became the "world's largest builder of outboard motors." Evinrude found Johnson high-pressuring most of the business, so combined with Elto and Lockwood in 1929, borrowing additional money to spend on full-page ads. Johnson stayed ahead, showing net profits of



"Yes, siree;
I'll remember
this all my life."

\$257,070 for 1928, \$346,677 for 1929. Then things began to crack up. In 1930 Johnson made only a little over \$37,000. Evinrude's record was much more impressive—a loss of \$239,066. In 1932 Johnson suddenly snapped and went into receivership, much to Evinrude's relief.

During the next couple of years the competition was eased up a lot, the two companies even going so far as to swear off patent litigation and open up all patents to one another. They also divided up the racing field. Evinrude now makes only sizes M or Midget, C (medium-sized), and the large four-cylindered F motors. Johnson is confined to the popular A and B sizes, probably makes a few larger D's and E's, not much in demand.

Racing drivers have made publicity for hydroplane shells, yachts, fire extinguishers, fog horns, life preservers. At Albany last April a truckful of racing gasoline was needed; one of the big oil companies obliged and got its name printed in six boating magazines. Another time a candy-bar maker painted his confection's name on the side of a boat and entered it in a race.

But these are mere peanut shells compared with what amateur drivers hand out to Evinrude and Johnson, without whom, however, there would be little to race with. —JAMES W. HOLDEN

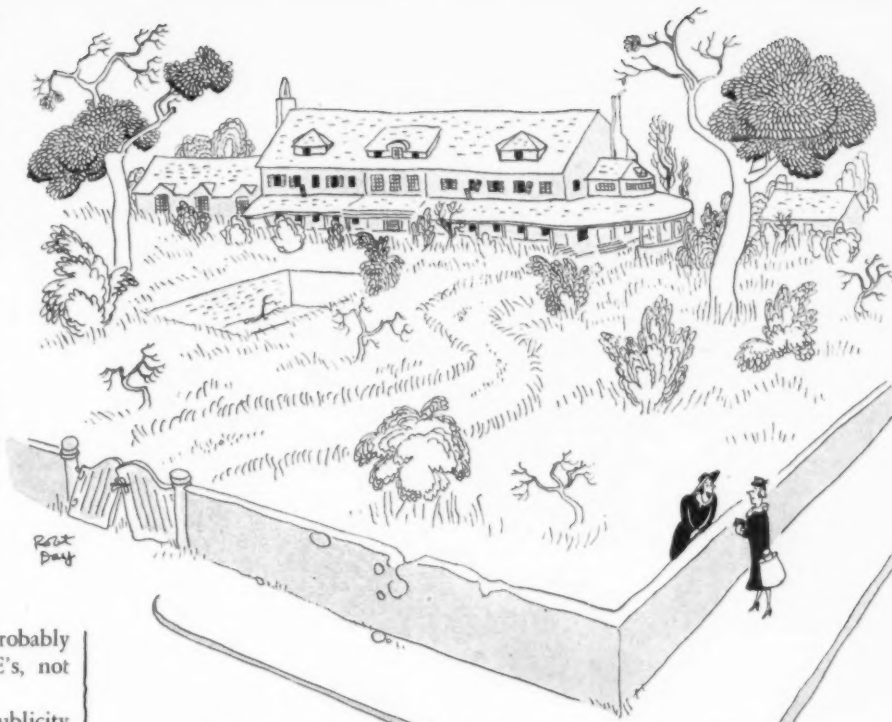
THIRTEEN

I LIVE on floor fourteen, but know That floor the twelfth is right below; And since no floor comes in between, My floor should clearly be thirteen!

While few would bet a large amount That Hoodoo witches cannot count, My landlord evidently thinks He's put one over on the Jinx.

Of course I do not fear a Hoodoo Or Jinx—at least, no more than you do, But still I ask in wistful verse, Does skipping numbers dodge the curse?

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN



"We are so happy about the President's plan to redistribute the wealth."

WHAT'S BECOME OF THE OLD-FASHIONED GOLF BALL?

IF you've read the advertisements lately, you've noticed, as I have, that the golf ball with the good, old reliable elastic core has been superseded by one with a dry-ice center, another with a honey center and a third whose interior is apparently filled with novocaine, or, for all I know, typhoid antitoxin. Anyway, whatever is inside the thing is injected hypodermically, as if it were about to join the army.

Having an uncontrollable sweet tooth, I naturally fell for honey-center golf balls as if they'd been so many lollypops. (When Spalding came out in 1908 with chocolate-coated tennis balls I was the first of our set to start licking them between games.) I don't deny that honey, as a center for golf balls, or baking powder biscuits, for that matter, will not become unbalanced, has perfectly marvelous elasticity, will not evaporate and adds distance and accuracy to one's drive. But for a dub, like myself, who literally drools at the mouth at the mere mention of honey, unsweetened golf balls will have to suffice.

On the first tee, in a recent match, as I stepped up to the honey ball, my

mouth started to water. After several minutes of alternate swinging and slobbering I conceded the hole, although my opponent told me to "pretend it's stuffed with pimento cheese, and try once more." It was no use. I just stood there licking my chops.

I've had my share of trouble with the dry-ice-center golf ball, too, Messrs. McGregor and Canby Company of Dayton, Ohio, and don't think I haven't. You people ought to give up making golf balls and merge with Eskimo Pie. Your product sends cold chills up and down my spine every time I take a hack at it. (Incidentally, I'm using one right now in a highball, in case you're interested.)

As for the hypodermic needle, or inoculated ball, I'm only luke-warm. Whatever they shoot into the pill causes my pupils to dilate when I putt. Perhaps if the manufacturers rolled up my sleeve, rubbed my arm with a little alcohol and gave me a good jab, instead of the ball, I'd stop talking about the good old days when a golf ball was filled with rubber bands—not honey, ice, insulin, or frosted chocolate.

—JACK CLUETT



"While There's Life, There's Hope"

FANTASTIC CRUSADE

THERE are spectacles in the world so marvelously and gargantuanly obscene as to assume immediately the status of works of art. Such is the aggression of Italy against Ethiopia. The mere recital of the facts surrounding this fantastic crusade of greed should be enough to bring the world to a condition of hysteria from sheer belly laughter. The old stuff is all present: the White Man's Burden, the need to avenge the defeat at Adowa when Ethiopia previously crushed the Italians, the uncontrollable and humanitarian necessity of putting down the last slave state.

What is even more nauseating is the attitude of the Great Powers, with their plaintive admonitions to Italy to desist. The British have been more than ordinarily unctuous in spite of revelations from Geneva of a secret treaty of 1891 (supplemented by agreements in 1905 and 1925) by which Italy and England had agreed to divide Ethiopia between themselves just as soon as they felt it might be done safely. The 1925 agreement is particularly significant, being made by two members of the League of Nations against a third. At a time when they were making the usual hypocritical remarks about peace and good will and the rights of small nations, they were planning to gobble a member nation sitting at the same council table.

If you want to know why Mussolini is embarking upon a venture which may precipitate another World War and bring him down in ruins, pay no attention to the dispatches in the news columns but read carefully everything

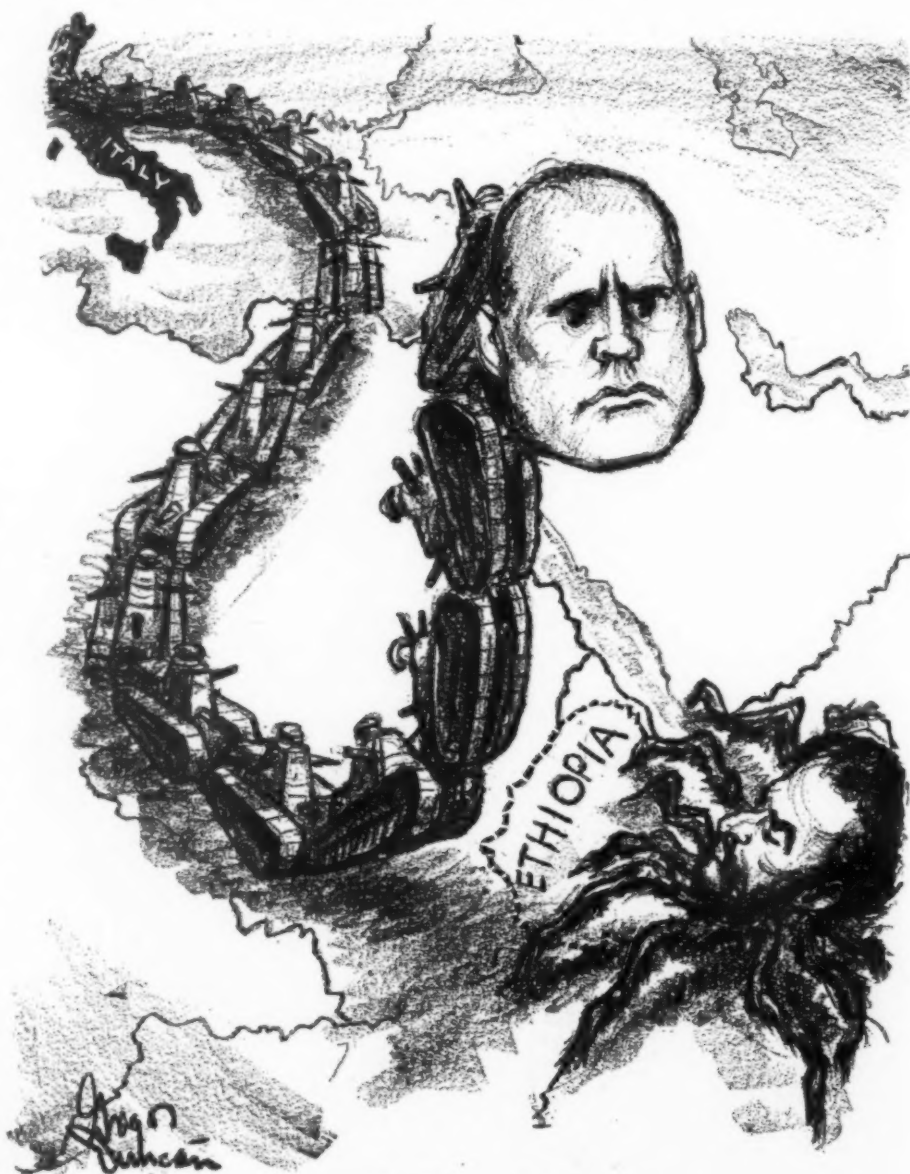
you can find about Italy in the financial pages. Italy, in brief, is up against it. The treasury deficit has reached monumental proportions, the gold supply is perilously low, the internal condition of the country has approached the point of explosion. Wages have been ruthlessly cut and prices are steadily rising. Business has fallen to a level never known before in Italy's modern history. In such a situation imperialistic powers always have one last desperate device: War is supposed to unite a nation, it is supposed to take people's minds off their troubles and center them upon dreams of Ancient Rome. The present inner rumbles from Germany are a symptom of the same ailment.

But war is no longer the universal solvent. The last one brought three great empires tumbling—Germany, Russia and Austria-Hungary—and the

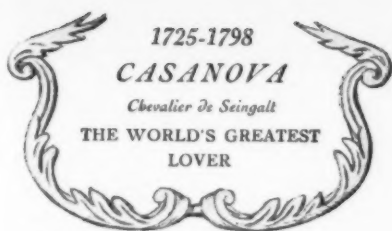
winners were little better off than the losers. Even Ethiopia may not be easy. Alphonse lost his crown when the native army of Abd-el-Krim in the Riff crushed his forces. France finally stepped in to overpower Abd-el-Krim but it was too late for Alphonse. Competent observers predict that the Ethiopian war will lead inevitably to another world conflict. All worthy citizens who have felt (a) that the old ways are the good ways and (b) that the way to prevent war is to prepare for it are soon to have the pleasure of testing their theories. It would seem that we pay rather extravagantly for such joys.

—K. S. C.

Two of the Dionne quintuplets have become the wards of King George. This leaves only three for the Associated Press.



The Black Widow and the Serpent.



Take a tip from CASANOVA

HE left a trail of broken hearts from Warsaw to Naples and from Constantinople to Paris, this swashbuckling, diplomatic, engaging soldier of fortune known to history as Casanova. Women high and women low, women brilliant and women dull, all found him fascinating . . . And not the least of his charms was his astonishing fastidiousness. Centuries before halitosis was a household word, he realized that unpleasant breath was a fault that could not be forgiven even in him. Consequently, before he wooing went, it was his habit to chew the leaves of certain fragrant herbs

that would quickly render his breath sweet and agreeable.

If halitosis (bad breath) were an uncommon condition, few would be concerned about it. Unfortunately, however, it is an ever-present threat. Everyone is likely to have it at some time or other for this reason: even in normal mouths fermentation of tiny food particles constantly goes on. Unpleasant odors are released *without the victim knowing it.*

Don't take a chance

Since it is impossible to know when this condition is present, the wise course is to take sensible precautions

against it. The quick, wholly delightful method is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse before any engagement at which you wish to appear your best. Because it is antiseptic, Listerine instantly halts fermentation. Then it overcomes the odors fermentation causes. The breath—indeed the entire mouth—becomes cleaner, purer and sweeter.

Keep a bottle of this delightful mouth wash handy at all times. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly; that you will be welcome.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine puts your breath beyond offense

QUICKLY CHECKS HALITOSIS

In a letter to his favored nephew, Colonel John Augustine Washington, dated 29 October 1799, George Washington said:
"Two hundred gallons of whiskey will be ready this day, and the sooner it is taken the better, as the demand for this article, in these parts, is brisk. The Rye may be sent when it suits your convenience."

A LINEAGE RUNNING BACK TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

and a Rye whose reputation for excellence
spread overseas even in those early days



Almost a hundred years ago the Mount Vernon distillery was moved to Baltimore.

But it was no young enterprise that settled there, and guarded the formula for its product and its method of distilling with such scrupulous care.

Long, long before, when George Washington retired from the Presidency to his estate in Virginia, it had its beginning.

On his Dogue Creek Farm, where he carried on his experiments in agriculture, it was found that the soil was especially favorable to the growth of rye.

In those days every gentleman needed a stock of good whiskey, so it was natural for Washington's overseer, a Scot by the name of Anderson, to make this suggestion:

Why not set up a distillery at Mount

Vernon and thus make use of the grain produced on the land?

So it was that guests and travelers who chanced that way enjoyed the hospitality of a Rye soon famed for its smoothness and flavor.

And so it was that the surplus of this Rye found its way into neighboring states and even to England, where, to this day, it remains one of the few American whiskies enjoying favor there.

You will look far to find a whiskey of more distinguished lineage than Mount Vernon, and equally far to find one of comparable mellow delight.

Mount Vernon

Straight Rye Whiskey - Bottled in Bond

Under U. S. Government supervision

A Good Guide



to Good Whiskey

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Baltimore, Md.

LIFE'S GAME DEPARTMENT

SEPTEMBER

"A Paper to Make You Think."

1935

ARE YOU SURE?

Take a pencil and check one of the suggested answers in each of the questions below. Your score in the Fifties is Fair . . . Seventies, Good . . . Eighties, Excellent.

1. In the American flag there are:
An equal number of red and white stripes.
More white stripes than red.
More red stripes than white.
Twelve red stripes.
2. If some one came up behind you and shouted "Addis Ababa!" you might jump, but you should immediately think of:
Harry Thurston A Corsican bandit
Italy and Ethiopia Forty Thieves
3. Two of these states are neighbors:
Brooklyn-Palestine Iowa-Kansas
Pennsylvania-Virginia
Colorado-South Dakota
Illinois-Kentucky Mississippi-Georgia
4. The word "brazier" is not maltreated in one of these sentences:
"Mamie, shame for not wearing a brazier!"
The brazier dyed it with the skill of his trade.
He poured himself a drink from the brazier.
The glowing brazier stood out sharply in the dark.
5. If your grandfather was too erudite he would be too:
old enfeebled cantankerous learned
active sensual lazy silly sober
6. "Anything Goes!" is a:
statement by President Roosevelt
musical comedy novel motto of Ed Wynn
7. Try to find the misspelled word here:
tinglass mischievous myrrh bouillon
carbeneutor innuendo phlegm paeen
8. The Commander-in-Chief of the American Army during the World War was:
Brig. General Mitchell General Pershing
President Wilson
General Douglas MacArthur
9. A "leatherneck" is a:
rodeo rider Congressman U. S. Marine
Navy pilot smuggler of fabrics pin boy
10. One of these men is not a college president:
Nicholas Murray Butler Glenn Frank
Melvin T. Hannerty James Bryant Conant
11. Insane persons who rave at "the giant

stalagmites of man" are referring to:
railway trains airplanes ocean liners
skyscrapers night clubs whiskey distilleries

12. One of these statements is incorrect:
The Hawaiian Islands were purchased from Russia.
More than 87 per cent of cow's milk is water.
Motion pictures were invented by Edison.
Saving the Constitution is a Republican shibboleth.

13. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. is within a year of being the same age as all but one of these stars:

Lonise Dresser Geraldine Farrar
Elsie Ferguson Walter Huston
Lynne Fontanne Leslie Howard

14. The novel "Of Time And The River" was written by:

Somerset Maugham James Barrie
John Dos Passos Thomas Wolfe
Hervey Allen Warden Lewis Lawes

15. One of these animals spends much of its time hanging by its tail:

wapiti musk ox cat peccary
opossum ptarmigan yak ferret

16. On your tenth wedding anniversary you may correctly present your wife with a:

poke in the eye tin cup
gold inlay wooden rolling pin
silk dress glass eye paper towel

17. Complete this well-known quotation: "The are a people of many religions, but only one sauce."

French Italians English Spanish Russians

18. One of these Great Lakes lies entirely within the United States:

Huron-Michigan Superior Erie Ontario

19. All that's wrong with a hypochondriac is that he:

drinks too much imagines he's sick
is addicted to dope turns in false alarms
steals trifling articles craves sweets

20. The Badger State is:

Minnesota Connecticut Ohio Michigan
California Wisconsin New York Illinois

21. Most freight engines back up before starting in order to:

Leave slack in couplings to minimize initial inertia.
Compound differential by reversing pistons.
Fool brakemen as to which way they are going.

22. The first name of the father of the Dionne quintuplets is:

Jacques Pierre Etienne
Ovila Harry Philippe

23. Jerome Kern is to "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" as Cole Porter is to

"There's A Long, Long Trail A Winding"
"All Alone" "You're The Top" "Margie"
"Dapper Dan" "Kiss Me Again"

24. If you were a child again and had to take piano lessons you would loathe the sight of a:

palanquin tambourine metronome
castanet cacophony polytheist

25. "Sixty Second Work Out" is the slogan of:

Castoria Gem Safety Blades Vitalis
Essex Max Baer Dr. West's toothbrushes

26. One of these thinks every year is leap year:

salamander ibex tortoise
catamaran armadillo anteater

27. The word "yaw!" is properly used in one of these:

"How is yawl, honey?"
"That yawl rides well in the water."
"Why don't you punch the hole with a yawl?"
"Yawls and mangoes make a delicious salad."

28. The winner of the 1935 Poughkeepsie crew race was:

the Judges Cornell Pennsylvania N.Y.U.
Washington California Navy Utah Aggies

29. The first lighter than air ship to cross the Atlantic was:

German Graf Zeppelin British R-34
Italian Roma American Los Angeles
Swedish Nightingale French Atlantique

30. One of these is not a fish:

shark barracuda porpoise shad
tarpon pike cod weakfish

31. The all-time record for a Broadway run of a play is held by:

"Lightnin'" "Tobacco Road"
"Seventh Heaven" "Abie's Irish Rose"
"Seven Keys To Baldpate"

32. Nijinski is a name that should be associated in your mind with:

Union Square Socialism Anarchism
ballet dancing Polish Corridor stratosphere
(Continued on page 26)

LIFE'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

[SEE PAGE 26 FOR CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT]

HORIZONTAL

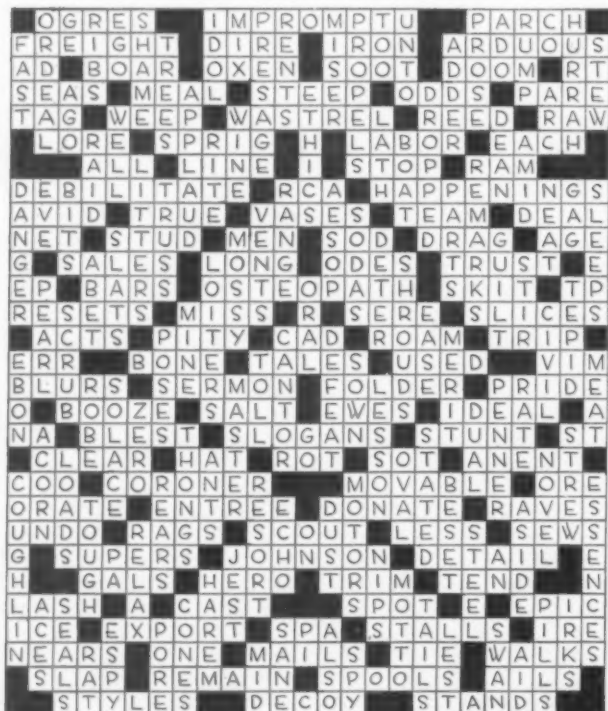
1. They can't be losses.
4. What a criminal does with a crime.
11. A laughing matter.
14. Two of a kind (abbr.).
15. Mexicans carry water in it.
17. Here's a pointer for you.
18. A perfect mate.
20. The first rocker.
22. The rent.
24. An empire state.
26. A hanging.
27. Miss this and the fun's gone.
28. A changeable line with the women.
29. Let this be a warning.
31. You'll find these deceptive.
33. It's open to every rhymster.
34. They give any poor fish the air.
35. Be careful about taking this.
36. Proper address for a lady.
38. The unknown quantity in banking.
40. Dull.
42. A great help in lying.
43. A desert rider.
45. A cross thing.
46. You can take it or not, as you choose.
47. A rectangular inset.
48. Cut it out.
49. The high point of the day.
51. Not up to expectations.
52. Made for compensation.
54. Ceaselessly.
57. Usually part of a Cup race.

59. Work over.
61. Quick on the pick-up.
64. Wild life in the night.
66. Cancel off.
67. Part of the skin game.
68. A fiend for the movies.
70. Roll up and tie down.
72. Return.
74. The Massachusetts Technological Institute.
75. They live a boring life.
76. A cup bearer.
77. To blast.
79. Preferred place for loafing.
80. Hot stuff in the mountains.
81. The bare possibility.
82. Little room for worship.
84. Thrown to chance.
85. A wallop in the kitchen.
87. Popular for unpopular.
88. *The man in the house* (see contest, page 26).
90. Unclaimed royalties.
92. Hurts.
94. A telling word.
96. A matter for judgment.
97. A question of personalities.
98. A tear jerker.
100. Thoughtless people.
101. Polished stone.
104. Clear profit.
105. *The man who lost the ring* (see contest, page 26).
106. It helps with the hand work.
108. Next to nothing.
109. It's hard on the eye.
111. A business requirement.
113. A lucky discovery.

114. A sharp blow.
116. Measure by standard.
118. A close-up.
119. It never pays if it's cheap.
121. This always walks the dog.
124. They make you change your mind.
127. Lie at ease.
129. A thing apart.
130. What one usually works for.
131. You'll worry over these.
133. Complete refinement.
134. With one purpose in mind.
135. This is open to argument.
137. Places for sale.
139. Gorge.
141. He runs the whole show (abbr.).
143. Sucker.
144. Present.
145. Information.
147. Slight.
148. A leading tone.
149. A little slack.
151. An act of self-expression.
153. This gives ladies a black eye.
155. A small cavity.
156. Various grounds.
158. Drops.
160. How to stop a rumor.
161. This gives you razor edge keenness.
163. A show place.
164. Barbecue gadget.
165. What you get for digging.
167. They're working for big change.
169. Always on edge around the house.
171. The worst place imaginable.
172. Slipped over.
173. Sticks.
175. Something to get for your house.
177. Something for living.
178. Visionary.
180. Made for holding.
182. Sleep sound.
184. Horned in.
185. It makes no difference.
186. A walk in the country.
188. Self starters.
190. A time piece.
192. What operators do.
195. Invaders.
197. Under an obligation.
199. A discharge in the army.
201. Not very observant.
204. Lounge lizard.
206. *He muscled into literature* (see contest, page 26).
207. Something to see.
208. Accused.

10. Not much feeling.
11. Rudimentary propellers.
12. An underground worker.
13. A rare jewel.
14. A popular dance at college.
16. What hen's eggs are.
19. Kind of oats.
21. So it is.
23. An ultimate extremity.
25. The fruit of the vine.
27. Water carriers.
28. A resting place.
30. Something to go by.
32. Boat with one mast.
34. *Room for the unexpected* (see contest, page 26).
35. Usually accompanies the dance.
37. The French rule.
39. This is a lovely idea.
41. The ones right here.
42. Women in general.
44. Good for a raise.
47. Objects of enlightenment.
48. Something to shout for.
50. Standard of authority.
51. A word for fear.
53. The hard thing about spinach.
55. Day and night.
56. Make over.
58. He strives to suit everybody.
59. Large pupils.
60. Verse form.
62. How to enter a subway car.
63. Step.
65. Black and blue.
67. Linger about.
68. Water tumblers.
69. A helper around the camp.
71. A fold in the coat.
73. Where a certain ball game starts.
75. Something for the stomach.
76. Associates.
78. Think better on it.
81. Table spread.
82. A jutting rock.
83. One of the stalls.
85. Not so well off.
86. A special case on trial.
88. A huge bundle.
89. How things look when they're okay.
91. What the wallflower did.
92. A lean-to.
93. Always goes up in smoke.
95. Bellow.
97. The moon goes out on this.
99. Good business.
102. The recall.
103. Heap.
105. Hope for the fisherman.
107. A hole for escape.
109. A weight measure.
110. Utter.
112. A horse of any color.
113. On a railroad train this is a collector's item.
115. A round about way.
117. Without equal.
118. The lowest quarter.
119. Chorus girls lose these eventually.
120. High flyers.
121. Remove the coat.

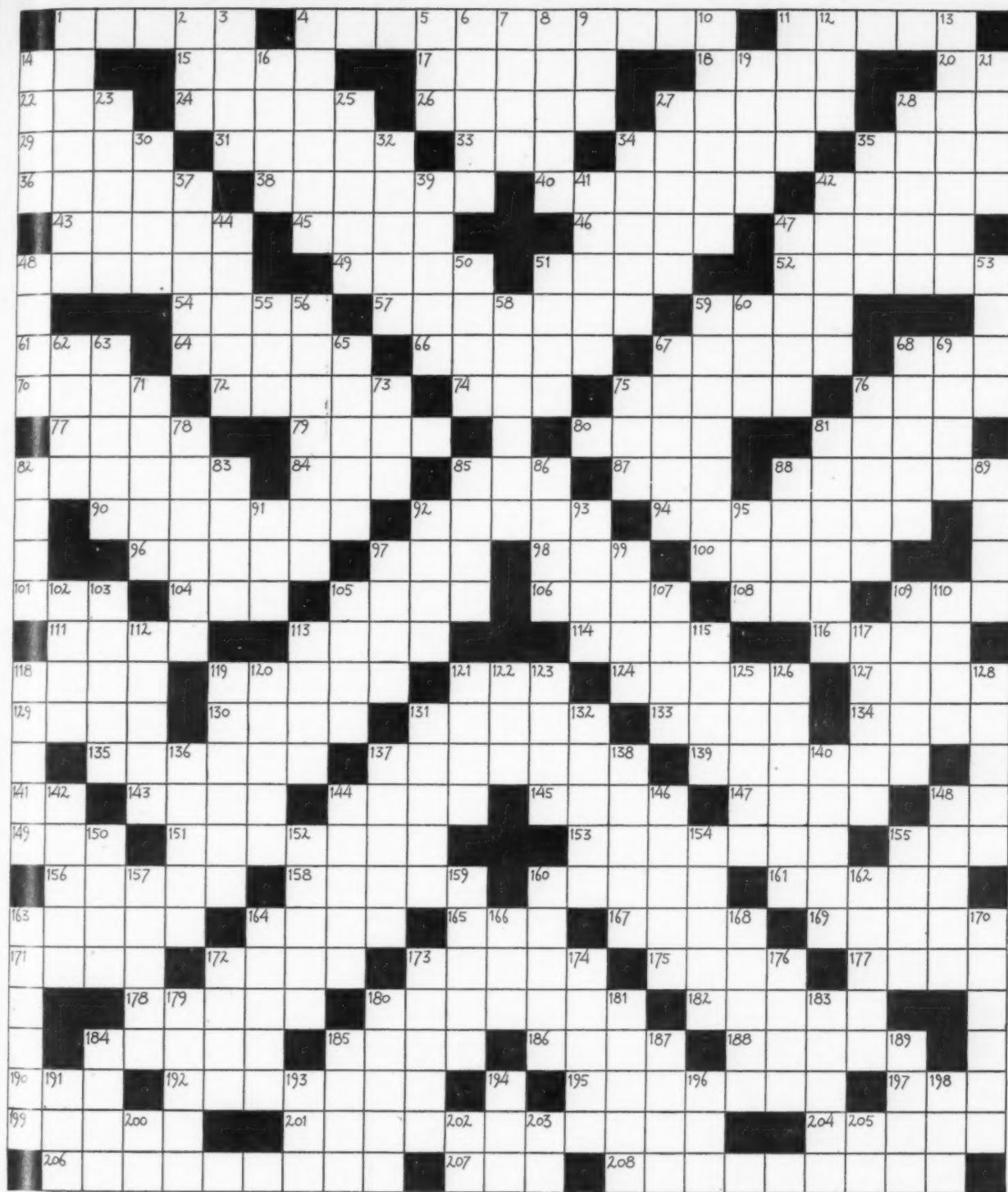
AUGUST SOLUTION



VERTICAL

1. Forced smile.
2. This leaves you nothing.
3. Killed.
4. A colorless hue.
5. A little something for comfort.
6. This needs correction.
7. Catch.
8. You're unacquainted till you know these.
9. A fearful feeling.

Life



122. An old cattle boat.
123. Pull out.
125. Play taken seriously.
126. Separates.
128. Light verse.
131. For insertion purposes.
132. Has to be licked to work.
136. A morning caller at camp.
137. Kind of Scout badge.
138. A way up.
140. Angered.
142. Class consciousness.
144. A dampening effect.

146. Tried to find out.
148. Sprinters always race for these.
150. Something to try for.
152. What the talk is about.
154. Gives up.
155. Excepting.
157. The ice house.
159. Room for all.
160. A high price.
162. Torn down.
163. Pulled down every night.
164. You'll slip up on this.

166. The writer's medium.
168. A natural feeling.
170. He shovels his way across the seas.
172. Move ahead.
173. A heavenly spectacle.
174. Commencement.
176. He gets things done.
179. What truth rests on.
180. The devil with you.
181. Respectable.
183. Gum.
184. Festive.

185. Perfectly reasonable.
187. A box full of combs.
189. None other.
191. Mediaeval house-breaker.
193. Remove.
194. By.
196. The animal house.
198. Presumably tied to stay.
200. British military honor. (abbr.)
202. A direction.
203. Take notice. (abbr.)
205. Washington's address.

ARE YOU SURE?

(Continued from page 23)

33. A "chukker" is a term used in:
saloon bouncing musical chairs chess
duck hunting polo billiards parcheesi

34. One of these statements is true:
Los Angeles covers the largest area of any
U. S. city.

The average man can lift a cubic foot of
gold.
Japanese can become U. S. citizens if born in
Japan.
Steam trains have exceeded 100 m.p.h. only
since 1932.

35. "Mayhem" is just a polite word for:
Hindu grandfather worship purse snatching
tearing off your neighbor's leg murder

36. "The Margin of Safety" is an advertising
slogan identified with:
Zipper fasteners
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Forstmann's woolens Goodyear tires
Cannon towels

37. If you were the wife of an earl your
title would be:
Duchess Viscountess Lady Countess
Madame Senorita Princess Frau

38. Only one of these cars is still being
manufactured:
Marmon Marquette Willys-Knight
Maxwell Graham Rickenbacker

39. There is a correctly spelled word here:
ledgerdmain liason fructefy obsequies
millennium chicanary overeach sarsparilla

40. One of these numbers is one quintillion:
1000000000000000000
1000000000000000000000
1000000000000000000
10000000000

41. "Naval stores" are:
small shops on battleships coils of rope
tar, turpentine & resin waterfront saloons

42. Referring to the time of day, the initials
"p.m." mean:
punk morning post man pax mobiscum
post meridiem puerle mandatores
past morning

43. The center of population in the U. S.
is located in:
Connecticut Ohio Indiana Nebraska
Kentucky New York Illinois Michigan

44. One of these sentences is grammatically
correct:
She thought him to be me.
Helen stood between the Devil and I.
Give the works to whomever answers the
bell.
The cocktail is a fad; everyone drinks them.

45. Smith and Wesson are:
salad oil manufacturers radio team
firearms manufacturers tennis doubles team

46. The longest mainland coastline of any
state is possessed by:
California Maine Florida Texas Louisiana

47. One of these men does not depend di-
rectly upon one of the five senses for his
livelihood:
oculist auditionist chiropractor
empiricist perfumer gourmet

48. The tune "Hail, Hail The Gang's All
Here!" first appeared in:
The Methodist Hymnal "Show Boat"
"Pirates of Penzance"
"Goldiggers of 1933"
Earl Carroll's "Vanities"
Ziegfeld "Follies" "Aida" "Carmen"

49. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" suffered
because he:
had chilblains shot an albatross
disobeyed the stars murdered the first mate

50. When your wife stands before her mirror
staring at her decollete, you may properly
remark:
"Your mother was built like that, too!"
"I told you not to get such a full-waisted
thing!"
"Your neck and shoulders're o.k."
"You can buy more darn girdles than any
two women!"

+

Number of correct answers.....
Multiply by two for score.....
(Answers on page 47)

LIFE'S "NUISANCE" CONTEST—UNITED AIR LINES TRIP TO WINNER



LIFE still wants
to find Pub-
lic Nuisance No.
1 and will re-
ward its readers
with a trans-
continental air
trip and cash for
nominating him.

In the cross-
word puzzle on
the preceding page are the last names of
four persons prominent in public life
who may or may not be considered pub-
lic nuisances. It's up to you to solve the
puzzle, choose the name of the person
you think represents Public Nuisance
No. 1, write on the ballot below (or a
facsimile of the ballot), in 20 words or
less, your reason for the nomination and
mail it to the Public Nuisance Editor,
care of LIFE.

A round trip on the United Air Lines,
coast to coast, from the nearest United
Air Lines depot, with stop-over privi-
leges, will be awarded for the cleverest

nomination. The second prize will be
\$50.00 in cash. Five other prizes of
\$10.00 each will be paid to runners-up.

Readers who do not care to solve the
crossword puzzle may choose any Public
Nuisance whose name may or may not be
contained in the puzzle, fill in the ballot
and mail it separately, *without* the puzzle
diagram. These nominations, however,
are eligible *only* for one of the \$10.00
prizes. To be eligible for the United Air
Lines trip, contestants must solve the
crossword puzzle and mail a copy of it
together with a ballot.

General Conditions

The air trip will be awarded to the
person who furnishes the nearest correct
solution of the crossword puzzle and
who, in the opinion of the judges, writes
the cleverest sentence of 20 words or less
conveying his or her reason for nomi-
nating, as Public Nuisance No. 1, one of
four persons included in the crossword
puzzle. The words printed on the ballot:
"I nominate as

Public Nuisance No. 1 because" will not
be considered as part of the 20-word limit.

The \$50.00 second prize will be
awarded to the runner-up. The five
\$10.00 awards will be reserved for con-
solation prizes and/or for contestants
who nominate Public Nuisances not nec-
essarily defined in the crossword puzzle.

Elaborateness or neatness of the puzzle
diagrams and ballots will not count. Leg-
ibility, however, is essential. There is no
limit to the number of entries each con-
testant may submit, but each nomination
must be made on a ballot or a facsimile
of the ballot, and each ballot must be
accompanied by a completed copy of the
puzzle. When the contestant is com-
peting for a \$10.00 prize only and nom-
inates a Public Nuisance without the
aid of the puzzle, no puzzle diagram is
necessary, and in this case the submission
of the completed puzzle will not count.

The Editors of LIFE will be the judges
and their decisions will be final. In the
event of a tie, each tying contestant will
receive the full award.

Entries must be addressed to the Pub-
lic Nuisance Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd
Street, New York, N. Y., and mailed to
reach this office not later than September
20th. The prizes will be awarded to the
winners on or about October 1st and
their names will be announced in the
November issue of LIFE, on the news-
stands October 20th.

The contest is open to all and is not
limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members
of LIFE's staff and their families are
barred from competition.

FOR PUBLIC NUISANCE NO. 1

"I nominate as Public Nuisance No. 1 because

.....
.....
.....

Name..... Address.....



WHAT!

A DEODORANT FOR MEN ?



YES... WHY..?

Even your best friend *will* tell you...if you ask him! Naturally, every healthy man perspires...and every man should take steps to deodorize his perfectly normal perspiration. Bathing alone doesn't do it...bathing plus TOP-FLITE *does*.

TOP-FLITE was created for men...does its job perfectly and unobtrusively...is a powder—*not a paste*...and comes in a real he-man black bottle.

You'll find this extra touch of good grooming a delightful habit...thanks to this new product, created for men only and sold for 75c in stores or departments catering to men...together with TOP-FLITE Shaving Cream, TOP-FLITE Talc, TOP-FLITE Brushless Shave and TOP-FLITE Hair Dressing.

AMONG THE DEALERS CARRYING TOP-FLITE ARE THE FOLLOWING:

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., New York, Atlanta, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco
J. P. CAREY, New York • TRIPLER'S, New York • BROOKS BROTHERS, New York
DE PINNA, New York

CORCORAN, INC • 285 MADISON AVENUE • NEW YORK



TOP-FLITE DEODORANT 75c



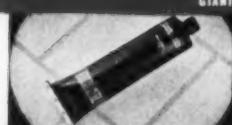
TOP-FLITE TALC 75c



TOP-FLITE HAIR DRESSING \$1.25



TOP-FLITE SHAVING CREAM 75c



TOP-FLITE BRUSHLESS SHAVE, 75c
GIANT TUBE



THE THEATRE OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE recent pronouncement of Der Reichsführer designating the sexual side of life as a petty business unworthy of the austere consideration of any true nationalist and demoting it, especially in the arts, to a level with Bismarck herring and the music of Mendelssohn, brings the ignoble and useless theatrical critic to meditate the greatly altered contemplation of sex not only in current German but in almost all of international drama.

It was not so very long ago, as everyone knows, that sex occupied the major attention of drama, and that the aforesaid sex was customarily treated with so grave and even tragic an air that one had difficulty in naming more than a few plays in which the sex act, however casual, did not lead haplessly either to sudden death and disaster or at least to very painful stiletto wounds and the criminal courts. This was the period when the phrase, "a fate worse than death", echoing from countless stages, made it impossible for fear-struck virgins to sleep o' nights and when sex was vested solely in the hideous person of a low scoundrel with a fierce black moustache and a stinging riding crop or of a lecherous old roué, usually a duke or the head of the Czar's secret police, given to copious brandy drinking and to toying with the sharp edge of a sinister paper knife. This was the period deplored by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton as being sadly lacking in playwrights who were aware that a bed may sometimes be used for sleeping purposes and by Dr. Rudolf Kommer as containing only plays that ended either in the grave or in bed and usually and simultaneously in both.

That a large change has come over the dramatic attitude towards sex needs no re-statement, but a scrutiny of that change may interest the historian of theatrical phenomena.

The inaugurators of the changed attitude were the English. Themselves, along with the playwrights

of other nations, guilty of long lugubriosity in the reconnaissance of the sexual relations of men and women, they suddenly—almost overnight—began to view the erstwhile tragedy with a light and sardonic eye and to offer the opinion that it might even be possible for a male and a female to indulge in an anatomical peccadillo without consequences more dire than being embarrassingly caught in the rain on the way back home from a private supper room at *The Pig and Whistle* or driving a cuckolded husband to the consumption of an additional whiskey and soda. (Reference, of course, is to the so-called more serious playwrights of England and the various other countries as distinct from the open-and-shut farceurs, although even in the latter quarter it was chiefly the French who successfully capitalized the saucy sex slant.) Despite the progress shown by the Englishmen, however, the old waters passed under the bridge with considerable reluctance, and in England and on the Continent the main current of drama still persisted in emphasizing the 1895 scoops (1) that a woman who had had an affair before marriage, were she otherwise soever irreproachable, was inevitably doomed to wreck her husband's and children's lives and to end up in the gutter, (2) that a

young woman's single past misstep was sufficient to prevent her from getting any kind of job in the future, especially one of governess with any household in a village containing an active curate or even one of stenographer or amanuensis to a voluptuous, if somewhat elderly, marquis, and (3) that the young scion of a good family who so much as cast an eye at a pretty maid servant could be saved from a

calamity that threatened his career as a potential leading barrister only by shipping him off instantaneously to a sheep ranch in Australia.

THE French, strangely enough, were even more backward than the English in allowing new values to the cerebation of the sex business and their plays steadfastly continued to identify the boudoir with the undertaking parlor. The slightest extra-indulgence in the world's oldest amateur sport was still the occasion for dramatic Gettysburg addresses on behaviorism and morals, and it remained difficult for even the more enlightened audiences theatrically to dissociate a mere amorous *faux pas*, even one recorded as having come to pass long since amid the rose bushes of Provence, from something closely approaching a world catastrophe involving the disruption of the Chamber of Deputies, the overthrow of the French government, and the discovery

that the impromptu child of the horticultural contretemps, now grown to manhood, was his own mother's lover.

The Germans, of course, maintained in the main their old established attitude, to wit, the conviction that sex—apart from connubial duty and routine—was something reserved for the trumpery and inferior

French, and that its place in Teutonic drama was accordingly gratuitous, save perhaps as a bogie wherewith to scare precocious children, flippant Berliners who had made a poisonous trip to Paris, and the more suspect patriots in Alsace-Lorraine. There were exceptions, to be sure, but they were few and far between and even they achieved their highest degree

(Continued on page 42)



SECOND SPUD LIMERICK CONTEST • CLOSING SEPTEMBER 17

\$3,350 IN PRIZES for LIMERICKS!

WRITE A
"LAST LINE"
and win
\$1000.00
IN CASH

A grizzled old diver named Lee
When lifted up out of the sea
Said, "A gay mermaid queen
Smoking Spuds I have seen

????????????????????

1006 chances to win a prize. First prize, \$1000.00.

438 additional cash prizes. And 567 cartons of Spuds.

THIS CONTEST CLOSSES SEPTEMBER 17, 1935

Get out your pencils, Mr. and Mrs. John K. American. Here's a contest after your own hearts. For a good old laugh, there's nothing like writing a limerick. Any one can do it. And *some one's* suggestion for the little "last line" is going to be awarded \$1000.00 in cash. And for those who don't win the first prize, there are 438 additional cash awards—from \$200.00 on down. And, for good measure, 567 cartons of Spuds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

These contests are our way of getting you acquainted with Spud—*America's most refreshing cigarette*. We want you to discover for yourself how different its clean, fresh taste is from any cigarette you've ever known.

So get a pack of Spuds, cut off the face of the package, and write on the inside of the package-face your "last line" for the limerick above (you don't have to copy the whole limerick). Sign it with your name and address and mail it so that it reaches us by Sept. 17. You can send in as many "last lines" as you have package fronts. And that's all there is to it.

PRIZES GALORE

This isn't a "long shot" contest. You have 1006 opportunities to win—for each "last line" you send in. And, remember, you can send in just as many

as you have Spud package fronts. If you send in ten "missing lines," for instance, you'll have 10,060 chances at the prizes.

But two things we can *guarantee* you'll win. A lot of fun out of the limericks themselves. And a brand-new experience in smoking pleasure. For Spud's not only the cigarette that invented a fresh, clean-tasting smoker's mouth. It's the cigarette whose secret formula unmasked an *entirely new* flavor in mellow tobacco, by ridding it of taste-spoiling heat. That's why Spud smokers say you can smoke them all around the clock—and each one will taste better than the last.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

1. Any one can enter (except employees of The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., their advertising agents, or their families).
2. Write your "last line" of the limerick on the reverse side of a Spud package front (or a facsimile thereof), sign it with your full name and address, and send by first-class mail to Contest Dept. N, The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Ky., in time for it to be received by Sept. 17, 1935.
3. You may enter as many "last lines" as you wish, if they are all written on separate Spud package fronts (or facsimiles).
4. Prizes will be awarded on cleverness and aptness of the "last lines." Neatness and simplicity will count—elaborateness is unnecessary. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
5. All entries become the property of the Company.



1006 PRIZES!

439 of them in cash!

First prize	\$1000.00 cash
Second prize	200.00 cash
Third prize	100.00 cash
Fourth prize	100.00 cash
10 prizes of \$25.00	250.00 cash
425 prizes of \$2.00	850.00 cash
567 prizes of a carton of Spuds	850.50
1006 prizes	\$3350.50

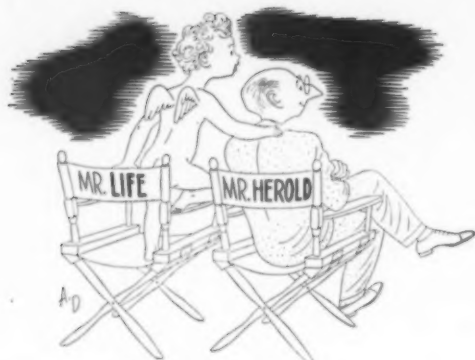


SPUD
CIGARETTES
CORK TIP OR PLAIN

15¢ FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

AMERICA'S MOST REFRESHING CIGARETTE



GOING TO THE MOVIES

WITH

DON HEROLD

(Pictures marked* not for children)

Without Benefit of Ballyhoo

I HAVE discovered a new movie star: Luise Rainer. Well, I can't claim all the credit. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer advertised her a little bit as a new "discovery" a few days before her picture, *Escapade*, appeared. But not much. (I understand they didn't realize they *had something* until it was too late to Barnum her.)

Anyway, there I was, sitting rather bored at a rather dull picture, when all of a sudden I caught myself slipping up from my middle vertebra to my end vertebrae. A dud picture had become alive. And so had I. A new, charming, capable actress was coming slowly into my drab critical life. And was I going to talk!

And I wonder if herein does not lie a lesson in promotion technique for the big movie companies.

When Samuel Goldwyn found Anna Sten, he spent a million dollars (all right, I'll compromise for a quarter of a million) telling the world about her in advance. Anna Sten, Anna Sten, Anna Sten. The whole world was in a hush for days before Anna Sten arrived.

And we went to see her with the attitude that, by god, she had better be good.

And no matter how good she was, she couldn't have been *that* good. We discovered, **DISCOVERED**, she was merely fair. And since we talk about what we discover and not what we are told to talk about, we told the world she was merely fair. (Since then, however, she has improved, and the ballyhoo has decreased, and we have learned to like Anna Sten a great deal for herself alone.)

The point is, I believe, if I wanted to put over a great new star, I would just drop hints—and not a million dollars.

If M-G-M had crammed Luise Rainer down my throat I would have found some reason for rebelling. I get stiff-legged about stars, and pictures too,

which are too tremendously touted.

Promoting picture stars and pictures is something like raising children. What you hint to children, they get. What you tell them, they doubt.

Shanghai*

THERE is something unwholesomely grave about Charles Boyer. Nothing is *that* serious. But this very solemnity does perhaps help to "sell" a picture to its audiences, and there is no denying that Mr. Boyer is as smooth as 3-In-One, and fine and capable and engaging, and therefore to be reckoned with by any moviegoer attempting to retain his better judgment. Better judgment tells me that *Shanghai* is a batch of theatric nonsense. I must forget the salesmanship of Mr. Boyer and of that other master fooler, Warner Oland.

Loretta Young lets the cat out of the bag several times in this film and reveals it to be sheer claptrap. This is because she is not quite up to its demands, her forte being merely her ability to turn those big eyes on like a couple of baby-spots and just leave them burning, and also because the part given her is a tough one in the

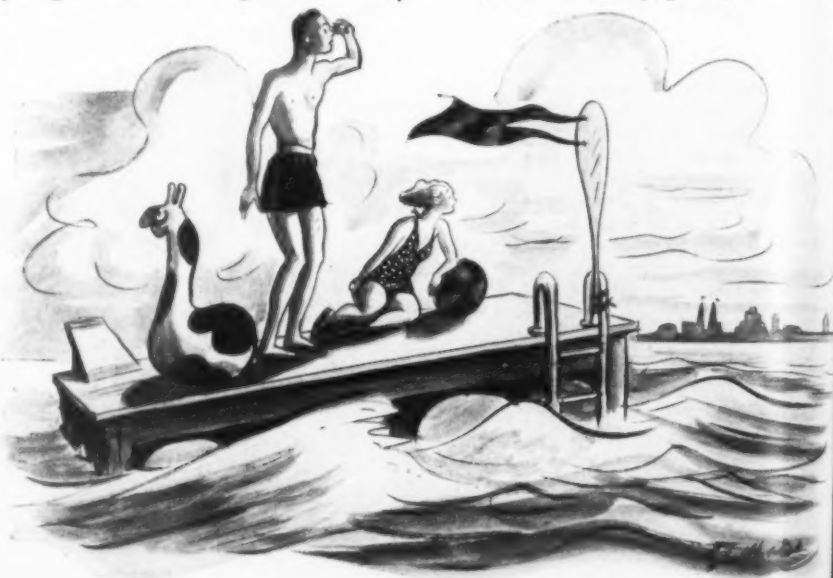
first place. When she first meets Mr. Boyer, she gives him that old Los Angeles love stare for what seems like five minutes. And that's her story. She is asked to hang on and on and on, even after Mr. Boyer kicks her out of his life three or four times. He has a dash of Chinese blood in his veins and thinks it wouldn't be fair to wed her; you know—never the twain shall mate.

The first time Miss Young dines with Mr. Boyer, she holds her return trip steamship ticket over the candlelight and burns it up. Among my set, we always turn 'em in and get our money back.

Stranded

THERE is usually a point in every picture where, if the hero didn't do something which no congenital idiot would think of doing, the plot would stop dead still. There are two such points in *Stranded*: (1) when George Brent, instead of calling a load of cops, walks in alone on a gang of twenty racketeers who are threatening him with trouble on the San Francisco Bay bridge which he is building; (2) when he tells his girl

(Continued on page 40)





Straight from old Kentucky comes America's first-choice straight whiskey!

THEY know good whiskey in Kentucky—and that's where Crab Orchard first won its reputation.

Many an old-time plantation owner relished the juleps made with this straight bourbon whiskey, as ruddy as a summer's sunset. But for scores of years it remained a local favorite, little known outside the blue grass country.

Then—after repeal—all America wanted a good old-fashioned Kentucky bourbon—a straight whiskey made the slow, time-honored way. And they wanted it *reasonably priced*.

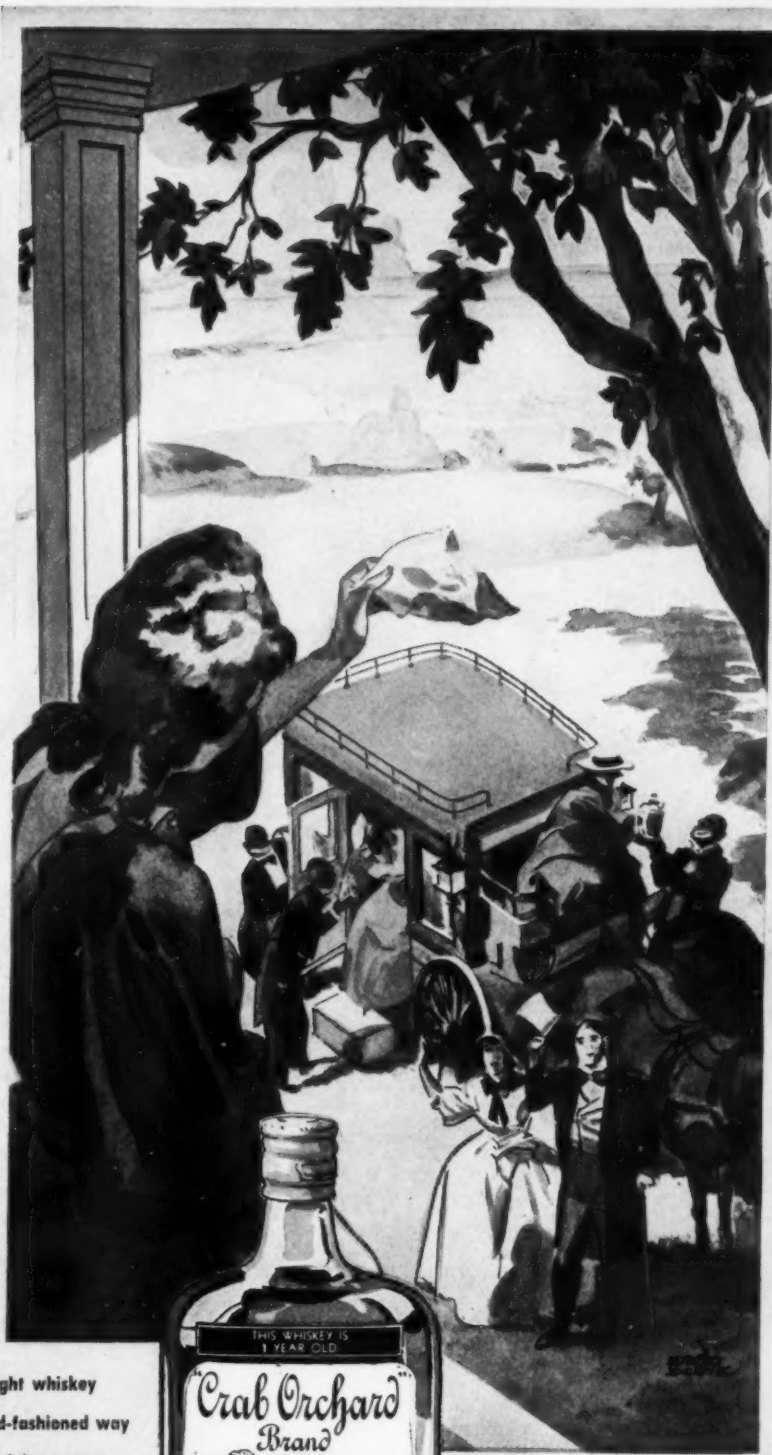
You probably know what happened. Crab Orchard became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey*.

If you haven't tried it, you're missing a treat. It's smooth and mellow—every drop a full year old—and really low-priced!

Kentucky straight whiskey
Made the good old-fashioned way
Smooth and satisfying to taste
Sold at a price anyone can pay



A good guide to good whiskey



Kentucky "quality folk" gathered
from far and wide at the old Crab
Orchard Springs Hotel

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits
Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

Of course I always use

CINZANO

(pronounced Chin-zano)

It's such a smooth Italian
Vermouth . . . but what
about a dry, French
Vermouth? . . .



Didn't you know you
can also get genuine

CINZANO

FRENCH VERMOUTH

now? It's made in
France from choice,
dry French wines.



CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.,
NEW YORK, N. Y., SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

SPORTS PARADE

BY PAUL GALLICO



Very Small Splash

A FRENCH-
MAN or a
German or an
Italian or an En-
glishman fresh ar-
rived in this glor-
ious but strictly
screw republic

and transported last month to Man-
hattan Beach, Coney Island, where
the Women's National Swimming and
Diving Championships were being
held, would have been considerably
puzzled by the insistence of an eleven-
year-old, yellow-haired, snub-nosed lit-
tle frog of a girl child climbing up onto
the ten-foot springboard and jumping
off while the women were holding their
springboard diving championships.

And it would have been very diffi-
cult to explain to these same foreigners
that the skinny little girl, all long legs
and arms and body built on the general
lines of a lead pencil, was a registered
A.A.U. Competitor, who, at the age
of eight, had competed in Olympic
trials for a place on the Olympic team
and had just failed to make it by a
few points, who had placed in the ten-
foot dive in the Nationals on succeed-
ing years, who was an accepted com-
petitor in the present meet and that she
was winning the championship from
such springboard stars as Mrs. Dorothy

Poynton Hill, Janice Lifson, Claudia
Eckert (indoor champion), Corky
Gillison and Ruth Jump.

Nevertheless Mary Hoerger, eleven,
of Miami, Florida, is the national out-
door ten-foot springboard champion.
You can't get around that. She outdove
a married lady, the same being the
great Olympic champion, Dorothy
Poynton Hill, and a lot of other big
girls and, what is more, when it came
to her optional dives she tried and
succeeded in doing a dive that girls
rarely, if ever, attempt—a two-and-a-
half somersault. Where in her wispy
body she gets enough weight to jiggle
the springboard hard enough to re-
volve her two-and-a-half times in the
air no one knows. The big girls have
a tremendous advantage over her off
the board, but she makes it up on entry
into the water on the simple principle
that if you drop a fountain pen into
water vertically, it will make consider-
ably less splash than, let us say, a pear.
It will be a long time before Miss
Hoerger has to concern herself with the
problem of the amount of water dis-
placed by hips.

When she had won the champion-
ship and become the youngest person
ever to hold a national title at anything
but Mellen's Food consumption (the
next youngest champion was Maxie
Heber, the Austrian figure skater who



"My foot's asleep!"

was a champion as a girl of fourteen) she posed for the photographers with admirable patience, squinting into the sun and wrinkling her snub nose, gave interviews to the excited press, denied the rumor that she was engaged to a foreign count and then spent the rest of the time around the pool scrawling "Mary Hoerger, Miami Beach" into autograph books. But the true miracle is that—by American standards—she is rather unspoiled, manages to be unobtrusive except when she poises on the springboard and at the age of eleven has already learned the most important thing that any American girl, especially an athlete, can acquire, which is how to be gracious to photographers.

The Number One water lady of these United States is still Lenore Knight of Homestead, Pa., who breaks a world's record practically every time she turns on the faucet to wash her hands, or has anything to do with the substance known chemically as H₂O. The beauty prize for the meet went to the Kompa sisters, Elisabeth and Erna, back stroke swimmers of the Women's Swimming Association, who also won national championships. Roto editors who went into mourning when Eleanor Holm Jarrett quit swimming to sing in her husband's band staged a three-day celebration when the first pictures of the girls came in.

Wearry Wings

THIS department, in the interest of its clients, stood ankle deep in rain at Ohio Field, New York University, not long ago watching Jesse Owens race Eulace Peacock in the hundred-yard dash.

A few months ago in the middle west, Jesse Owens, registered at Ohio State, turned in the most amazing performance in the history of individual track performance, setting three international records and equalling another, but since that time Peacock from Temple University took some of the wind from Owens' sails by beating him three times at the hundred. He beat him that rainy day at N.Y.U., too, but by no more than the thickness of his running shirt. A radio announcer asked Owens how he accounted for his defeats by Peacock and his drop from form. He said: "Ah'm tired. Don't you ever get tired? After you been announcing all day, your voice gets tired, don't it? Well, Ah been runnin' too much. Ah'm tired." I thought that covered the situation beautifully. In short,

(Continued on page 45)

Don't buy "BLINDFOLD"



It's like "buying blindfold" if you order a drink without naming the brand

SAY:
"Make mine with Seagram's"—and be SURE!

When you order a drink in a hotel, restaurant or club—make sure what you're getting!

For your own good, for your own protection—specify the brand to be used.

If you want to be sure of a mellower high-ball, a smoother cocktail, it's easy to say "Make mine with Seagram's." Seagram's Crown Whiskies are blended the Seagram way for better taste. That is why they are America's favorite whiskies. When you say Seagram's you're sure of a better drink.



FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857
Seagram's Crown
Blended Whiskies

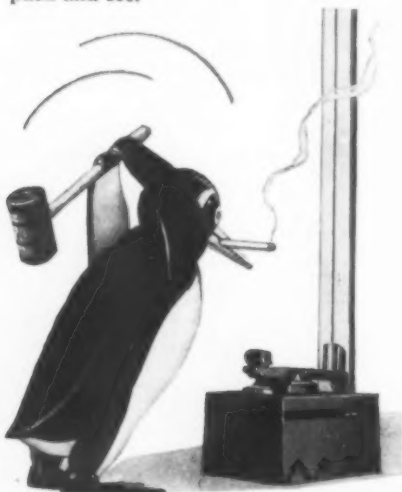
Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.—Plant: Lawrenceburg, Ind.

And for GIN "just that much better"—
Say Seagram's and be Sure



EVERY SMOKE A HIT!

A touch of mild menthol to cool and refresh. The choicest of choice tobaccos for the fine tobacco lover. Cork tips to save lips. And a valuable B & W coupon in each pack. Save 'em for a choice of beautiful, useful premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only; write for FREE illustrated premium booklet.) More for your money every way in KOOLs—that's why sales soar. Try a pack and see.



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME PREMIUMS



RALEIGH CIGARETTES... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

CONTENTS NOTED

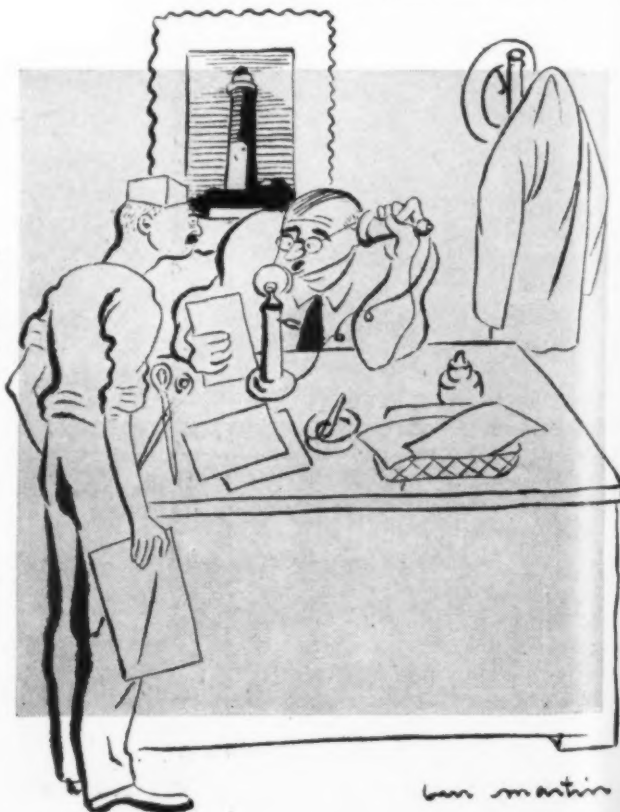
BY KYLE CRICHTON



As an old newspaperman myself, I come by my devotion to the cause of the freedom of the press naturally. My first employer was so filled with the sacredness of the subject that he allowed me complete freedom to write as much as I wanted, provided it was never less than six columns a day and was not concerned with the local gas and electric company. It was an afternoon paper and I got down to the office around 7:30 a.m. and seldom left until 8 at night. After my regular routine, I dragged myself daily to a section known as the West End where I concocted a column of local items gathered from Ike's Shoeshining Parlor, Jake's Pool Parlor and the Great Eastern Emporium, which handled knickknacks. For this I got an extra \$5 a week, bringing me up to \$22.50. I was also state political correspondent for the Pittsburgh *Gazette-Times*, writing solemnly about affairs of state and extending advice which, if followed by the legislators of the commonwealth of West Virginia, would have made something of a state which can still stand some making.

This is preliminary to a discussion of *Freedom of the Press* by George Seldes (Bobbs-Merrill) who is also a good newspaperman. Mr. Seldes began in Pittsburgh but was rescued by the war, getting abroad as correspondent and remaining there until a few years ago. You probably remember his great book, *You Can't Print That*, which retailed his experiences as a correspondent and, more, his difficulties in trying to get the truth printed, whether because of suppression at the source or reluctance at the home office. His new book is an even more damaging indictment of the press of the United States, with side-lights on what is already known about European censorship and outright domination of the press. If it were a mere treatise on the subject, I wouldn't annoy you with it. What it turns out to be, however, is a pointed and slashing attack on the newspapers, with dates, personalities and stated facts all over the landscape. What the freedom of the press has come to mean, of course, is that Hearst, with his powerful chain of papers, is able to print anything he wants, true or untrue, but it means, even more, that a publisher can refuse to publish what he doesn't want. This is where the power comes in, here and

"We're in a jam, Mr. Howard. Brown's been arrested and Yvonne Dionne talked this morning!"



Sam Martin

in the interpretation of a news-story. By the turn of a phrase, two entirely different versions of an event can be made from identical facts. They used to have a test in journalism classes to prove this. The professor would frame it with two of his students to start a fight. In the middle of the period, the two would suddenly jump up and start slamming one another. When it was over, the other students would sit down to write the story of the fracas. If one out of a dozen got the sequence of events straight, it would be considered a triumph. Not only would they have the thing cock-eyed but there were reports which went to the extreme of declaring that Assailant No. 1 not only started the battle but was armed with a stiletto.

George Seldes is a great reporter and an honest man. He was in Rome when Mussolini rode in on the overnight sleeper from Milan on his famous phony "March to Rome." He was in Russia in 1922 when conditions were so bad that equipages barging down the main boulevards of Leningrad would disappear in giant holes in the street—driver, horse and droschka. He covered the war in the Rif and the French battles in Syria. He was in Germany during the inflation and in Geneva for the fantastic sessions of the League of Nations. He deals in facts, he understands what is behind events and he has an old-fashioned idea that what the reader wants and is entitled to is the truth. That should give you some notion of what you'll find in his new book. I think it's the real stuff.

The Younger Breed

IN some circles represented by ladies and gentlemen suffering from an acute varicose vein condition of the head, there is a tendency to scoff at anything which has not been canonized by age and a high standard of stupidity. Particularly do such persons belabor the little experimental magazines which are born and die almost as rapidly as a tribe of moths but in their short careers give opportunities for young writers who would otherwise have the choice of entering the old man's feed store or of becoming fiction giants for Street & Smith. The truth, of course, is that the little fiction magazines, with all their goofiness, have been the sole source of good writing in this country for the past two decades. From such fly-by-night periodicals have come Erskine Caldwell, Ernest Hemingway, Sherwood Anderson, Meridel Le

(Continued on page 46)

It's time for Pabst-

When in Milwaukee, visit the famous Pabst Breweries. See the laboratories and scientific control that assure and maintain Pabst Blue Ribbon quality.



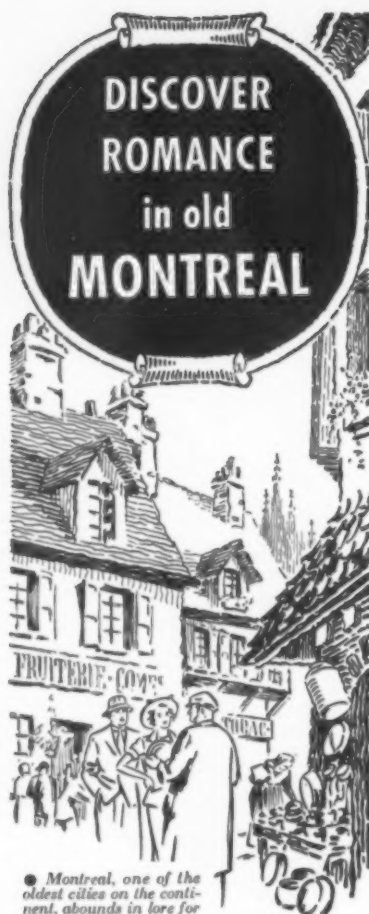
Pull over there, fella—didn't you see that Pabst Blue Ribbon sign? It's your invitation to enjoy the very best in brews. The trip seems shorter—and it certainly is cooler and lots more pleasant when you stop for a safe, refreshing drink of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale.

Summer heat and tenseness just vanish when you relax with soothing, satisfying Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer or Ale. More than ninety years of brewing history stands behind each bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon—it ought to be good—and *it is*.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer and Ale



© 1935, Premier-Pabst Corp., Chicago



● Montreal, one of the oldest cities on the continent, abounds in lore for lovers of the antique.

Discover fine living at the Mount Royal

ONLY a few hours away, hospitable, romantic old Montreal is waiting to enchant you with its peaceful, old-world air. Right in the heart of Montreal, the Mount Royal Hotel is waiting to make your visit a perfect vacation.

In your big, comfortable room, you will enjoy complete rest and relaxation. In any of the Mount Royal's three dining rooms, or its cafeteria, you will enjoy the magic art of Chef Marcil Thoma, creator of French, English and American meals.

... Then you'll enjoy the pleasant surprise when you learn how inexpensive life at the Mount Royal really is.

250 Single Rooms with Bath . \$3 up
250 Double Rooms with Bath . \$5 up
200 Suites \$8 up

J. ALDERIC RAYMOND President
VERNON G. CARDY Managing Director

Mount Royal

HOTEL

QUEERESPONDENCE

I JUST returned from a vacation to find that all letters addressed to me had been opened by my assistants, so I couldn't refrain from telling them a gag I thought of while in Canada.

According to my story, a hospital surgeon walked into the operating room one morning and found his assistants grouped around the operating table on which lay the prostrate form of a man. "Who," roared the surgeon, glaring at the unconscious figure, "has been opening my male?"*

My assistants tell me the weather hasn't been so good here and that I missed an awful speat hell (there's something wrong there but it does contain an element of truth) while away, but things are back to subnormal again and we shall turn our attention today to a couple of summer queereries before the snow falls and makes a sap out of this department.

"Have," writes Queerespondent J. Koehl of Fort Wayne, Indiana, "you come across anyone who resisted the temptation to name a summer cottage Hangover House, Drop Inn or something equally comical?"

Funny that I should have done some research on this very question this summer but such is the case. On a trip from New York to North Bay, Ontario,

*This same surgeon does a lot of face-lifting and has perfected a way of lowering the faces of circus clowns who spend most of their time walking on their hands.

I was unable to discover a single summer residence that wasn't called the "Nobody Home," "Heartsease," or even "O.k.—O.k." ("Twin Oaks"—get it?) Probably the worst was a sign saying, "House for Staying Here Tonight?" And all this in addition to various "Inns" including "Stagger," "All," "Never" and "Lurch."

My curiosity aroused, I began to make inquiries as we went through towns and villages but it wasn't until we reached North Bay itself that a service station attendant told me about a man named Mizzenbaugh whose nearby summer cottage had no name. It took but a moment to race to Mizzenbaugh's place. I found him behind the counter of his refreshment stand painting a couple of signs.

"Is it true," I demanded, "that you have a summer place here with no name like Wander Inn or Relaxaspell?"

"Sure," replied Mizzenbaugh. "Take a look at the sign on that cottage."

I looked—and saw a neatly-painted board bearing the words: No Name.

Although disappointed I was glad I had found Mizzenbaugh because I was able tactfully to point out that the signs he was working on might cause undue confusion and create ill-will by a seeming discrimination against the fair sex. One of them bore the legend: "Men," the other: "Laddies."

Speaking of Canada, Queerespon-



"They only let me hang one painting."

dent D. H. Brown of Montreal writes:
"Have you any suggestions for passing the last three hours of a vacation, other than to sit and fry in city clothes waiting for train time?"

A difficult and poignant situation, as every vacationist knows. It's not possible to take a "last swim" at this time in the lake (ocean, river) because the swim suit is always at the bottom of the traveling bag, and it took two men and a boy to close that bag and you're not going to open it for anybody and that's final. Tennis, canoeing and golf are out on account of the city clothes. So what? You might retire to some cocktail bar and kill three hours but there is always the danger of missing the train or getting into a jam similar to the one experienced by Mr. William Dolan of Attleboro, Mass. Mr. Dolan tried the bar stunt one time and was approached by a man named McIntosh who engaged him in conversation. When his train time approached, Mr. Dolan finished his drink and said, "Well, I must get back to the city now and attend to my chores. And what chores they are."

"What was that?" asked McIntosh.

"I said," repeated Mr. Dolan, "What chores! What chores!"

"Well," beamed McIntosh, "since you ask, make mine a Scotch and soda."

(I told that story to a radio comedian the other day, so it ought to be on the air by now, because everything you tell a radio comedian goes in one ear and out the ether.)

HAVING taken care of the seasonal queeries we must hasten on to a couple of others. The first is from Mr. Gordon Steedman of Palo Alto, Calif.

"I know there's a national anthem," he writes, "because I've heard it played. But is there anyone on record who knows all the words—if any?"

I don't know much about this, Mr. Steedman, except that I heard a nasty rumor the other day that the government is trying to keep the words secret for fear the anthem may be turned into a popular tune and worn to a frazzle by radio crooners in six weeks.

"Has anyone," Miss Rose Butler of Chicago, wants to know, "received an intelligent reply to, 'Do you play bridge?'—or is there some unwritten law requiring all bridge players to reply, 'No, but I play at it'?"

There's only one case on record in which a person answered with something besides: "No, but I play at it."

(Continued on page 45)

SI, SI, SEÑOR,
THIS IS THE WAY
TO MIX THAT
BACARDI COCKTAIL

The juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ green lime
(When out of limes, lemon
may be used successfully)

$\frac{1}{2}$ teasp. granulated sugar

1 jigger Bacardi

Shake well with
cracked ice, serve
and expect thanks,
applause.

BACARDI

Avoid substitutes. See the bottle

Schenley
IMPORT

ABT-49

Copr., 1935, Schenley Import Corp., sole importer for the U. S. for
Compañía Ron Bacardi, S. A.

BACARDI Superior
DE
BACARDI Y CIA
ESTABLECIDO EN 1876
SANTIAGO DE CUBA

"STOP & GO"

(Continued from page 2)

hear the wealthy millionaires and society men use bad language when they miss a shot. Good bad language, too.

Golf, September 9 to 14. U. S. G. A. Amateur Championship at The Country Club, Cleveland, Ohio. One of the grandest of all the golf shows, a six-day dog fight or battle royal involving the country's best amateur golf champions. And who do YOU think will beat William Lawson Little?

BOOKS

Kyle Crichton

Bailey's Daughters, by John de Meyer (*Smith & Haas*). The Law of Diminishing Returns is catching up on the James M. Cain imitators. Rough, tough and worthless, this one.

Double Turn, by Audrey Lucas (*Dutton*). The daughter of E. V. Lucas proves anew that anybody over the age of nine can write well enough for the present-day British. Theatrical setting, a poor dumb comedian (known always as the Jew), a handsome actor married to a shrewish wife, a baby, a friend named Jill. Even knowing them as I do, I can scarcely believe it.

Dwell in the Wilderness, by Alvah C. Bessie (*Covici-Friede*). Distinguished writing by a man who has long been one of our best short story bets. A Middle Western family dissected down to the last wart and very swell, too.

Eyes of the World, by Lincoln Schuster (*Simon & Schuster*). Everything in pictures is here but somehow it doesn't mean much. Perhaps the other picture books have taken the edge off or perhaps pictures are never as striking or effective as words, no matter what the experts say. I have been wanting an argument about this for a long time.

Fortune and Men's Eyes, by George Cronyn (*Covici-Friede*). All I ask is that nobody starts getting inside me as this man Cronyn does with his characters. What he dredges up, through the eye of a doctor who hears all the intimate details, is enough to send them all to the chair and I very much suspect that the same would be true of all of us, if similarly turned inside out. Very good job.

Freedom of the Press, by George Seldes (*Bobbs-Merrill*). One book the publishers will not quote when they gather in those solemn sessions and determine that the nation will be undermined if newsboys are kept from being future Presidents. Large, resounding socks at our own absolutely impartial press, with names, dates and figures for all to see.

Selected Stories of Sinclair Lewis. (*Doubleday, Doran*). I have said some harsh things about Mr. Lewis but it really wasn't necessary for him to furnish the proof so promptly. It

makes me want to defend him from himself. No matter what you think about your stories and I think about your latter work, you're better than that, Mr. Lewis, is what I want to say.

The Circus of Dr. Lao, by Charles Finney (*Viking*). I still don't know what it is all about but Dr. Lao brings his goofy circus to an Arizona town and nobody in the place is any clearer about the why of the conjurers, unicorns, Russian bears than I am. Something unique and probably very good.

The Devil's Toy, by Anita Stewart (*Dutton*). Why couldn't Anita go on letting me love her as I used to know her in the pictures? Like dear Mary Pickford, who was writing about her nearness to Valhalla last year, this is embarrassingly bad and a shock to all true gentlemen who want their memories left intact. A haunted theatre, an old actress, and dirty work.

War Clouds, by Tom Ireland (*Ptarmigan*). Impartial summing up of the Japanese-American situation which seems to indicate that we had better get out of the East before we get kicked out. The Open Door will not only be slammed in our face but, worse still, we get our foot caught in the jamb and have our head knocked off in the bargain. So says Mr. Ireland, at least.

Murder & Mystery

The Tau Cross Mystery, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). **It Couldn't Be Murder**, by Hugh Austin (*Crime Club*). **The Crime at Nornes**, by Freeman Wills Crofts (*Dodd, Mead*). **Death Catches Up with Mr. Kluck**, by "Xantippe" (*Crime Club*). **Murder In Haste**, by Garnett Weston (*Stokes*).

The Hidden Door, by Arthur Gask (*Macaulay*). **The Corpse in the Coppice**, by R. A. J. Walling (*Morrou*). **Murder in the Park**, by Cecil Freeman Gregg (*Dial Press*).

RECORDS

Cheek to Cheek and No Strings (*Brunswick*) capture a personality on wax. Fred Astaire sings and dances to two of Irving Berlin's best tunes from the **Top Hat** score, ably assisted by Leo Reisman and his Orchestra.

Putting On My Top Hat also from **Top Hat**. Ray Noble and His Orchestra (*Victor*). The customary Noble brilliance of arrangement plus a patter chorus sung in the clipped accents of the British maestro himself.

The Pig Got Up and Slowly Walked Away and **The Gentleman Obviously Doesn't Believe** (*Victor*) by Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees. Typical Vallée novelties.

Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Every record this outfit makes sounds better than the last. **King Porter Stomp** and **Sometimes I'm Happy** are typical examples. Incidentally, both arrangements are by Fletch Henderson. Bunny Berrigan on the trumpet. (*Victor*.)

Louis Prima's latest efforts, **Worry Blues** and **It's The Rhythm In Me** lack a lot of the snap and spontaneity of his first releases. Prima had a hand in writing these two but Hoagy Carmichael's reputation is still safe. So is Louis Armstrong's. (*Brunswick*.)

Tidal Wave and **Midnight Oil**, Columbia's musical director, Russ Morgan, has assembled a fine group of lads to press these two tunes.

Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra, with vocalist-trombonist Jack Teagarden, have given us a superb example of swing music in **Darktown Strutter's Ball**. Other good Whiteman recordings: **Garden of Weed**, an interesting composition from the pen of Reginald Forsythe; **Belle of New Orleans** with Ramona singing and playing a typical old "honky-tonk" piano chorus. (*All Victor*.)

More Movie Tunes: **Why Stars Come Out at Night**, **Double Trouble**, **Why Dream**, and **I Wished On The Moon**, all from **The Big Broadcast** have been nicely done up by Ray Noble's Orchestra. **From The Top Of Your Head** and **Without A Word Of Warning** from **Two For Tonight** show us Richard Humber at his best. (*All Victor*.)

You're So Darn Charming and **Page Miss Glory**. Hal Kemp's customary work and Skinny Ennis' entertaining warbling make the first one a honey, but nothing in the world could help Miss Glory. (*Brunswick*.)

—D. T.

"GO" PLACES

Summer Suggestions

Adrian's Tap Room. Drop in late some night and listen to Wingy Manon's boys get off. 234 W. 48th.

Billy LaHiff's Tavern. If you want to play along with the Broadway crowd you'll find good food here. 156 West 48th.

Biltmore Hotel. On the Moonlit Terrace you have Dick Gasparre's orchestra, plus Morton Downey. *Madison* at 43rd.

Central Park Casino. Leo Reisman and his band for Class A evening. Our advice: go formal. *Central Park*.

The Cotton Club. Floor show features Nina Mae McKinney, Cora LaRedde and the Nicholas Bros. Claude Hopkins' band. *Lenox* at 142nd.

Crystal Club. Dine on a canopied barge, moored in the East River. The bar and dance floor are on *terra firma*. Walker O'Neill and a Meyer Davis unit. 450½ E. 52nd.

Glen Island Casino. One of the best of the out-of-town spots. Jimmy Dorsey's hot band. At New Rochelle, overlooking Long Island Sound.

Jack Dempsey's. Aside from having its wine cellar and meat refrigerator visible to anyone who cares to walk past the windows, this is really a distinctive place and has excellent food. 8th Avenue at 50th.

Le Coq Rouge. Luxuriously cool; excellent food, fountains, stars and Joe LaPorte's orchestra. 65 E. 56th.

Pavillon Royale. Abe Lyman and his favorites. Valley Stream, Long Island.

Pennsylvania Roof. Jack Denny's orchestra. *Seventh at 33rd.*

Rainbow Room and Grill. Better places to dine on a hot evening can't be found. The view is colossal. The Grill is the informal one of these two 65th floorers. *Rockefeller Center.*

Riviera. Another good out-of-town place. Just across the G. Washington bridge on the Jersey Palisades. Broadway floor show.

St. Moritz. Pleasant up on the Sky Garden these nights. Eric Correa and his band. *50 Central Park South.*

St. Regis. Johnny Green's band on the roof. Marjory Logan singing and Ames and Rere dancing. *Fifth at 55th.*

The Famous Door. Louis Prima and his Gang with a lot of hot music to sell. The boys can really play it. *35 W. 52nd.*

The Flying Trapeze. Steaks, chicken and fish are specialties. Soothing music by Jo Sejer and his all-string band, and a hundred canaries that really "give." *217 W. 57th.*

The Stork Club. Georges Metaxa of *Cat and Fiddle* fame sings. Jimmy Vincent's orchestra. *3 E. 53rd.*

Waldorf-Astoria. Guy Lombardo and Xavier Cugat both have orchestras up on the Starlight Roof. *Park at 50th.*

Sidewalk Cafes

Brevoort, 1 Fifth Ave. . . **Chatham Walk,** Vanderbilt at 48th. . . **Fifth Avenue Hotel,** Fifth Ave. at 9th. . . **Longchamps,** 55 Fifth Ave. . . **Marguery,** Vanderbilt at 47th.

—D. T.



"Hey, you! Out of the way!"

Henry Anton

Ingram's cooler shaves explained by 3 COLD FACTS

1

Ingram's softens every whisker right down to the skin line



2

Tightens the skin; prepares it for easy, scuffless shaving



3

Cools the shave; prevents burning and after-shave soreness



The cool shaves men get with Ingram's are due to three special ingredients which help shavers these three ways—

1st, whiskers are thoroughly wilted but held erect for clean once-over shaving. 2nd, skin is smoothed and lubricated so your razor can glide in long, even strokes. 3rd, the shave is cooled; no stinging or smarting.

Ingram's makes shaves so soothing you'll never need a lotion. And because it is *concentrated* it will make your shaves cost less! Three months of happy shaving from each tube or jar.



TRY THE WORLD'S COOLEST SHAVE *free*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-95
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

I'm in favor of better shaves! Send me the free 10-day tube of Ingram's.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM



Sandy McTavish and Mr. Lavish

Agree Ex-Lax is dandy.

"Best laxative made", says Mr. Lavish

"And only a dime", says Sandy.

When Nature forgets - remember Ex-Lax,
The Original Chocolate Laxative

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

FEET and TOES ITCH?

Sign of "Athlete's Foot"!

To relieve intense itching of Ringworm or Athlete's Foot and aid healing the red, cracked, or blistered skin between the toes, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX. 50¢ and \$1.00 jars at drug, shoe, dept. stores. For free booklet on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 334, Chicago.



NEXT MONTH:



In the American Scene:
"Civic Improvement,"
by Charles Burchfield.

THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 30)

(Kay Francis), "You're quitting that job, or I'm quitting you." (She's a Travelers' Aid worker and loves it.)

If you are half asleep, you let such things pass. If you are wide awake, you chalk up two more black marks against the darn fool movies.

Doubting Thomas

I MUST look back through the files of LIFE and see if I have referred to Will Rogers as our greatest American actor, because now I want to say he is our worst. Aside from a few facial squirms, he has nothing—as an actor. This is as of August, 1935.

Of course, if you want to consider the lines that Will sometimes writes into his shows, you're getting away from acting and over into authorship.

In *Doubting Thomas*, Will is 100 percent ham. He monkey-faces his mouth and eyes and looks over his specs, and draws his million-dollar box office. The picture itself is terrible. As a play, under the name of *The Torch-Bearers*, it was a caustic comment on the little theatre movement; as a movie, it is crude horseplay, involving the falling scenery and dropping moustaches and other mishaps of an amateur theatrical show in a small town.

The one bright spot in the picture is when Will makes his own speech about crooning—and then croons. One thing you can say about the guy: he'll try anything. As a humorist, when he is just that, he is pure gold. As an actor, ham.

Fan Mail*

I'VE been getting some dandy mash notes, lately. "You are a damned liar," writes "A Disgusted Reader", regarding some of my kind comments on Mae West. And he repeats this a couple of times. (Some of my nastiest mail is from people who don't want anything nice said about Mae West.) "You know you are just shooting off your mouth," continues Disgusted. I don't know who Disgusted is, but he is evidently one of our pure-in-heart.

An inhabitant of Atlantic City writes: "Although you take your place among the poor critics of the screen, nevertheless your concluding comment on *Goin' to Town* is the most brilliant statement, etc. It is a logical reply to Mr. Senwald, of the *Times*, whose reviews the past month have been so poor that I think he is worse than you. . . . Another bouquet to you for giving *Ruggles* a red light." Well, hurry up and make up your mind, Mister.

(Other comments on page 2)



"The situation has the
marines well in hand!"

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND



TWO weeks from the time this appears LIFE's Summer Camps will close for the season, but it's not too late to provide a much-needed vacation for some child, who,

as a climax to a year of city tenement noise, dirt and darkness, has suffered through this summer's sizzling heat.

It's cool and green at LIFE's Summer Camps (there's one for boys in Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) and we have sent to both camps as many underprivileged children as our budget would permit. In addition, we are providing holidays for many *extra* children whose need for recreation cannot be ignored and whose expenses we hope will be defrayed by belated contributions to the Fund.

If you, as a LIFE reader, haven't done your share, remember that LIFE's Camps are in reality *your* camps, for it is entirely through the interest and generosity of our readers that we have been able to maintain LIFE's Camps for nearly half a century. Remember, too, that a contribution now, even though the season may actually be closed, will benefit some child just as much as though you had sent it in advance of the vacation period.

Will you make it possible for us to add your name to the long list of readers who realize the value of "Charity that Really Builds"?

+

For Your Information

LIFE's Summer Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 48 years, in which time it has expended almost \$705,000.00, providing more than 57,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged by mail immediately if the sender's address is given, and also later on in a printed list of contributors.



Thirty years it is since Jack Stephenson commenced work with Hiram Walker. Although chief distiller, he personally inspects the mash vats where fermentation begins.

"YOU'VE GOT TO PAMPER WHISKY FROM THE START"

Age alone doesn't yield fine liquor. Time works its miracles only for those to whom it has taught the whisky-maker's arts.

Many veterans at Walkerville have been with this distillery more than half our 77 years. Their knowledge and knack, their "feel" for fine whisky, have a great deal to do with the delight you find in a bottle of Hiram Walker's.



HIRAM WALKER'S "CANADIAN CLUB"

This whisky has been made in the same slow way . . . from the same secret formula . . . for more than 50 years. The finest grains we can buy are patiently ground between ancient millstones that came from France. We nurse this liquor through vat and still, then barrel it in special casks made of Ozark Mountain oak and charred in oak fire. "Canadian Club" is a straight whisky, aged six years in rack-houses kept at summer heat. Bottled in bond under the supervision of the Canadian Government. On sale throughout the world — and everywhere a favorite. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker's **BONDED WHISKIES**

WHEN GIN IS CALLED FOR CALL FOR GORDON'S



STOUT GUEST: What a horrible cocktail.

SLIM GUEST: Our host forgot to order Gordon's Gin.

If you want your cocktail party to be a success spend a trifle more and get genuine Gordon's Gin. Its smoothness and inimitable flavor will delight your guests.

GORDON'S GIN



Permit R-514

THE  OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 28)

of independence in the species of drama that succeeded in flustering dramatic critics with ten children with some such bombshell as attributing an undue bigotry to a family whose Magda, on her return home, was denied her share of the Senfgurken and sauerkraut because of her fall from grace, or contending that there were Beatas and MariKKes in the world who might sin from an excess of passion and who could explain their delinquency to the complete and even rapturous satisfaction of the fatter ladies in the audience. And as for the Italians and Spanish, sex continued to be a golden gloves contest conducted by the counterparts of the Messrs. Lincoln J. Carter, Harry Clay Blaney and Sullivan, Considine and Woods.

Just as it always takes the drama at least ten years to catch up with any philosophy already freely accepted by the generality of people and at least twenty or thirty to catch up with any freely accepted and already long dismissed as outworn and banal by the slightly more intelligent, so it has taken what we are pleased to refer to as the modern playwright an inordinate amount of time to find something more *recherché* than a needle in the average modern haystack. The Italians and the Spanish are in the aggregate still Victorian Desperate Desmonds in the matter of sex, still confirmed in the belief that whenever a man and a woman come together in a blaze of passion something pretty terrible is bound to happen to them by All Saints' Day. But the playwrights of other nations—even the quondam Gloomy Guses of Russia—have gradually come to see the light, the light o' love that was placed in the window by the Viennese to guide the sad and wayward sons of drama back to the warmth and happy contentment of life. A truth and a humor have come in turn to the stage's consideration of humanity's anatomical didoes and where once the drama's sex was mainly either bogusly romantic or bogusly ominous and tragic we now discover it to be pleasurably treated with the same realism, on the one hand, that is accorded to war and fashionable society and with the same humor, on the other, that is accorded to democracy and God.

Dramatists who continue to look at sex in the old way have suites reserved for them by the public in the poorhouse, whereas dramatists of the new order are resplendent in the latest modes in neckties and perfect cutters.

And not only in the western world but in the eastern. "Vassily Vassilovitch Shkvarkin", announced the Russian correspondent of a London newspaper a few weeks ago, "is reputed to be the richest man in Moscow today, and he is neither a banker nor an industrialist. He is a dramatist who until recently was relatively unknown. So popular has his rollicking sex farce, *Another Man's Child*, become that he is reputed to have earned approximately one million roubles in royalties in less than a year." And right here at home there is a much burlier bank account in the humorous sex of a *Personal Appearance* or the unromantic sex of a *The Children's Hour* or the realistic sex of *Tobacco Road* than in all the *Spring Freshets*, *Roman Servants* and *Living Dangerously* that you can shake a lumber-yard at.

THE English playwrights, especially the younger men, have gone so far as practically to abandon the bed as a somewhat too rococo article of amorous furniture and have saved their producers considerable money on the old prop by substituting for it either the floor, which costs nothing, or a settee, which costs probably less than half. The Germans have followed suit and while, because of an ingrained homey aversion to mussing up the company room, they still look askance at employing a floor for purposes other than a cuspidor and a settee for purposes other than a depository for the posterior of the visiting family pastor, they have at length qualified sexually such hitherto sanctified acres of Jehovah

as apple orchards, corn fields and barnyards.

The French, the most old-fashioned people in the world when it comes to sex, God bless them, persist in championing the bed, as their fathers and grandfathers did, but nevertheless often no longer wait until the third act to focus upon it and periodically even go to the extent of putting it in the prologue. Sacha Guitry himself, up to only a few years ago the *chaud bébé* of Gallic theatrical sex, fearing now, what with youthful competition, that he is losing his old audience kick, will try to recapture box-office attention in his next play, report hath it, with an exhibit containing four beds in each of its first two acts and five in its third, all of them, save for a few minutes when apéritifs are being served, in constant use. The newest play of one of the leading American dramatists, due to be produced in New York in early October, has as its heroine a Paula Tanqueray who has just celebrated her sixteenth birthday, and there are tidings from Vienna and Buda-Pesth that the coming season will see, in the former capital, a production of Wedekind's *Awakening of Spring* with a jazz band accompaniment and, in the latter, one of Ibsen's *Ghosts* with an induction, something after the manner of Shaw's *Fanny's First Play*, in which an actor representing Prof. Dr. Wassermann will kid the pants off old Henrik and Mrs. Alving.

(Current play notes on page 2)



"I thought it was being done upside down but I hesitated to make suggestions."

WATCH YOUR STEP!



ATHLETE'S FOOT
isn't as deadly as the
GILA MONSTER . . .
but it's a thousand times
more widespread

● Although horrible to look at, the gila monster has some of the beauty of excellent beadwork. But there is nothing lovely about *tinea trichophyton* (the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot).

The Athlete's Foot fungus may be lurking right now on your bathroom floor, or in the locker room at your club or gym.

Not until the boring, dreaded fungus has prodded its way into the tender flesh between your toes do you know it's got you. Then—redness, tiny itching blisters appear. Perhaps—excessive moisture, white, dead-looking skin, swelling and pain begin to plague you. Any of those signs may mean **ATHLETE'S FOOT** is digging into your toes!

Use Absorbine Jr. at Once

At the very first symptom—douse on Absorbine Jr.! Laboratory tests show that it kills *tinea trichophyton* in thirty seconds after it has penetrated to the pest.

Always keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in the locker at your club or gym. Use it after every bath to refresh your feet and kill the fungus before it has a chance to dig in. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill the fungus.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you the genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes . . . It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. At all druggists \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, and **SUNBURN**



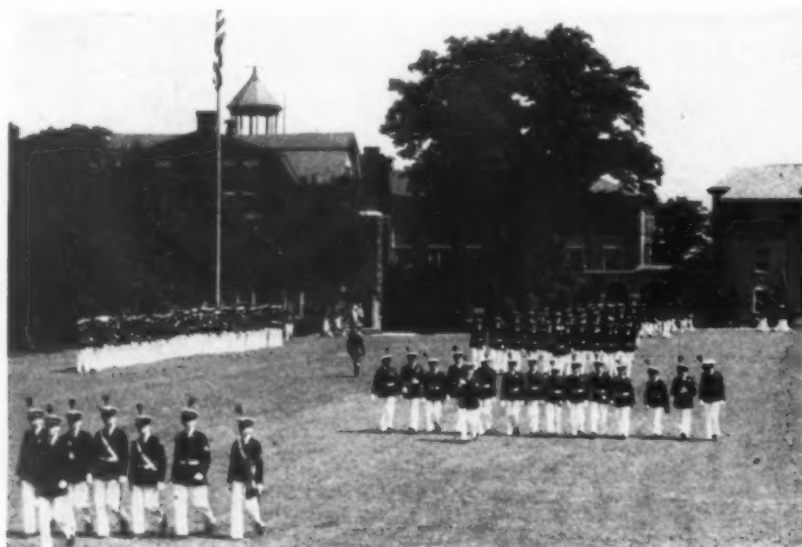
One of the best shops
in New York in which to secure
the choicest Wines
and Liquors



BENSON & HEDGES

4 EAST THIRTY-NINTH STREET • NEW YORK CITY

THE PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY



DRESS PARADE

The following editorial is reprinted from the New York Times

"The Peekskill Military Academy was the first academy after West Point to introduce the 'military feature' into its training. This it did a few years before the Civil War. But while the 'military feature' is continued, the academy is best known for its thoroughgoing training in preparation for college and for citizenship. In the early period of its existence it had among its students two sons of JOHN C. FREMONT, the grandson of ALEXANDER HAMILTON and a ward of JEFFERSON DAVIS. It numbers among its prominent graduates General HENRY T. ALLEN, JAMES B. FORD, its largest benefactor, who gave the academy nearly \$1,000,000, and CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. It enters upon its second century with full ranks and in strength that grows with years."

Catalog on request. Address Dean J. Chase

PEEKSKILL-ON-THE-HUDSON, NEW YORK

FACULTY MINDS



"DRINKING is not allowed here; not even these Tommy Collins, or whatever you women call

them."—Dean of Women Nicholson, O. W. Univ., Delaware, Ohio.

+

"Kissing is all right if the individual is rather close."—Prof. Lloyd Ackerman, Biology, Western Reserve Univ.

+

"Any mechanism hard to manage is usually feminine."—Miles W. Abbott, French, N. Y. State Teachers' College.

+

"There is probably no creature so unsophisticated as a newborn child."—Prof. Gardner Murphy, Psychology, Columbia Univ.

+

"The ukelele is the missing link between music and noise."—Prof. F. K. Kruger, Political Science, Wittenberg College, Ohio.

+

"How I can talk so much each hour and not say anything, I don't know."—Prof. Harry Krowl, English, City College, N. Y.

+

"If you saw Moses writing the Ten Commandments with a Waterman fountain pen, you'd know something was wrong."—Prof. Paty, Bible, Emory Univ., Ga.

+

"I would rather have the life of a beast than mine."—Prof. A. H. Mason, English, Howard College, Ala.

+

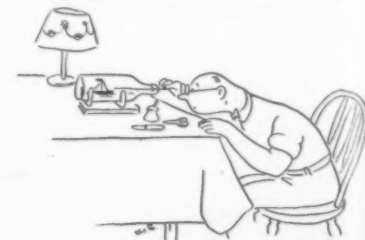
"I am the only sane Republican left in the country."—Prof. T. M. Griffiths, History, Colby College, Me.

+

"I should like to request that none of you try to sell to LIFE anything I say."—Prof. Watts, European History, Univ. of Penna.

+

[Undergraduates are invited to contribute to this department. Two dollars each will be paid for acceptable items. Address Faculty Minds, care of LIFE.]



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SPORTS PARADE

(Continued from page 33)

he was tired. Mr. Owens was married recently. His wife lives in Cleveland while he resides at Columbus. That is probably what makes him so fast. For a man who can do the hundred in 9.6, Cleveland is just a step.

Disconcerting

THE English Golden Gloves amateur boxing team slapped their American brothers silly in an International amateur boxing tourney before some 45,000 people at Yankee Stadium, defeating them eight bouts to three, and the English amateur heavy-weight knocked the American heavy-weight quite cold and rigid. Experts are still wondering how it all happened. A clue is contained in a letter written to a friend by Mr. Gene Tunney, the third man in the ring, and who, incidentally, turned in the best job of refereeing ever seen in this country, in which among other things he said: "... the Englishmen were fine chaps. When they shook hands with their opponents before each fight they said—'Good luck to you, my good fellow.' It was all new to our boys, and caused them a little confusion." (See page 2 for comments on coming sports events)

QUEERESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 37)

That person is Miss Katharine Burton of Tacoma, Wash., and what she said is a classic. One afternoon last year Miss Burton called on some new neighbors and was asked if she played bridge. "Certainly I play bridge," she replied, "and I play a darned good game. Bring on the cards!" The neighbors were so flabbergasted by this unusual behavior they refused to play with Miss Burton.

The moral to this foible is: If you play bridge, or the piano, or even the piccolo, never admit it or you'll find yourself a fugitive of society. It's just one of those screwy things.

I must go now. The girls in the circulation department are cranking up a freezer full of ice cream and they promised to let me lick the dasher.

Questions should be addressed to Queerresponse, care of LIFE. Five dollars will be paid for each one used.

—GURNEY WILLIAMS

little ad-ventures

by don herold

I REFUSED TO DANCE
WITH THAT HYENA



Is your name
in who's zoo?

There's a man in every office, at every dance, in every high school and college class, in every social gang, who has a reputation for his zoological aura.

At first his friends or employers or fellow employees won't believe their senses. Then they mention it around. Soon there's a whispering campaign.

And our hero is finally catalogued definitely in who's zoo.

Even though you are the bath- ingest man in town, you may be THAT man.

You'd die first!

There is insurance that all men can carry against such a reputation. Habit- ual use of Mum every morning, and again in the evenings, before parties and movies and dances, will keep us out of who's zoo.

Sissy? What's sissy about it? Just how masculine do you want to be? Not that masculine.

At any rate, many druggists now report 1 out of 4 Mum sales to men.

Mum is a pleasant deodorant cream which kills perspiration odor without blocking perspiration. A touch under each arm in the morning, and you're fresh as a daisy all day. Some men use it also for foot comfort and to keep hose and shoe linings fresh.

You can afford to use Mum all your life rather than to take the chance of just once giving a perspiration hint in a crowded elevator, in the close-up of a tango, or in an en- counter at the office water cooler.

Experiment. Try a free sample. Mail your name and ad- dress on the corner margin of this page to Bristol-Myers Co., Inc., Dept. G-95, 74 West St., New York City.



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WEARS A DRYDEE!

Cocktail glasses, without them, have a nasty habit of dripping when and where least expected.

Drydees are neat paper skirts that fit over the bottoms of your glasses. They put an end to the embarrassment of moist-stemmed Martinis or Manhattans and the tragedy of liquor stains on dinner gown, shirt front or furniture.

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CONTENTS NOTED

(Continued from page 35)

Seuer, Jack Conroy, Albert Halper, Louis Adamic, Tess Slesinger, Josephine Johnson, Robert Cantwell and about everybody else who has amounted to anything in fiction. In that setting there have been rumbles for a long time of a bird with the strange name of Alvah C. Bessie. His short stories have been among the best writing done in the land and now he has written his first novel, *Dwell in the Wilderness* (Covici-Friede).

I have been told by friends old enough to know better that I might get farther in my quaint profession as a critic if I concerned myself more steadfastly with such public favorites as Faith Baldwin, Edna Ferber and Kathleen Norris, but I hardly believe that the material rewards would be worth the agony. As to the further charge that I, along with Mr. Nathan, am more addicted to poison than to honey, I can only answer that attracting flies is no fit business for a grown man. When anything like a Thomas Wolfe or a Robert Briffault (I have read his novel, *Europa*, in proof and will have at you with it, you may as well be warned, next month), I can go full out. Nothing is too good for the real ones or too horrible for the bad ones; the in-betweens will have to depend upon the book review section of the *New York Times*, which covers everything in the world provided it is sufficiently second-rate. In short, I think Alvah C. Bessie is somebody worth bothering about. You may think he is terrible and I may think he is good but he is not mediocre. *Dwell in the Wilderness* is a very fine novel.

Threat

IF there is sufficient demand, I should like sometime to do an analysis of American sports writers. The thing sounds trivial enough but I read the gentlemen religiously and have some thoughts about them. Any two readers addressing the editor in a high excited voice can have their way in the matter.

(Other notes on page 38)



ARE YOU SURE?

(Questions on pages 23 and 26)

1. More red stripes than white (red wins, 7-6).
2. Italy and Ethiopia.
3. Illinois-Kentucky.
4. The glowing brazier—
5. Learned.
6. Musical comedy.
7. Carburetor.
8. President Wilson.
9. U. S. Marine.
10. Melvin T. Hannerty (pure fiction).
11. Skyscrapers.
12. The Hawaiian Islands (they voluntarily joined us in 1898).
13. Leslie Howard (born 1893; Fairbanks, 1883).
14. Thomas Wolfe.
15. Opossum.
16. Tin cup (but she wouldn't take it).
17. English (probably it's Worcester-shire).
18. Michigan.
19. Imagines he's sick.
20. Wisconsin.
21. Leave slack in couplings—
22. Ovila.
23. "You're The Top" ("You're the turkey's mittens").
24. Metronome (that damned, click-clacking time-beater!)
25. Vitalis.
26. Ibex (it's a wild goat).
27. "That yawl rides well—"
28. California (Cornell dissenting).
29. British R-34 (July 2-6, 1919).
30. Porpoise (like the whale, it's a mammal).
31. "Abie's Irish Rose" (2532 consecutive performances).
32. Ballet dancing.
33. Polo (a chukker is a period of play).
34. Los Angeles covers—for your information, a 14.1 inch cube of gold weighs a ton).
35. Tearing off your neighbor's leg.
36. Goodyear tires.
37. Countess.
38. Graham.
39. Obsequies.
40. 1/00000000000000000000 (18 zeros).
41. Tar, turpentine and resin.
42. Post meridiem.
43. Indiana (2.9 miles northeast of Linton, Greene County).
44. She thought him to be me.
45. Firearms manufacturers.
46. Florida (1,197 miles).
47. Empiricist.
48. "Pirates of Penzance."
49. Shot an albatross.
50. "Your neck and shoulders're o.k."

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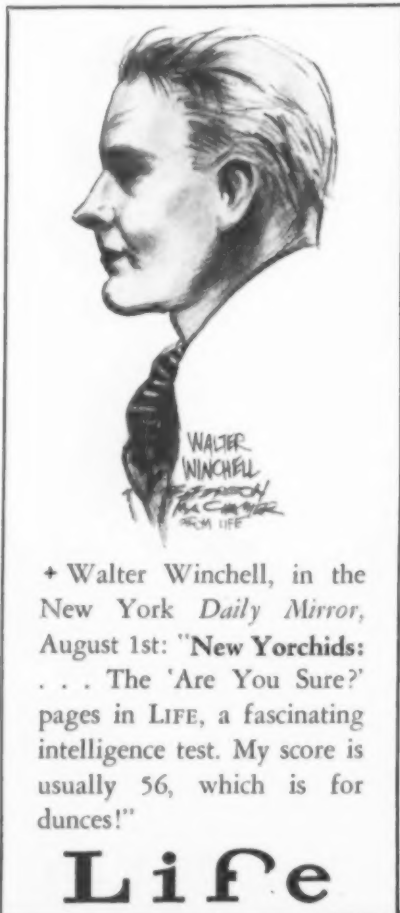
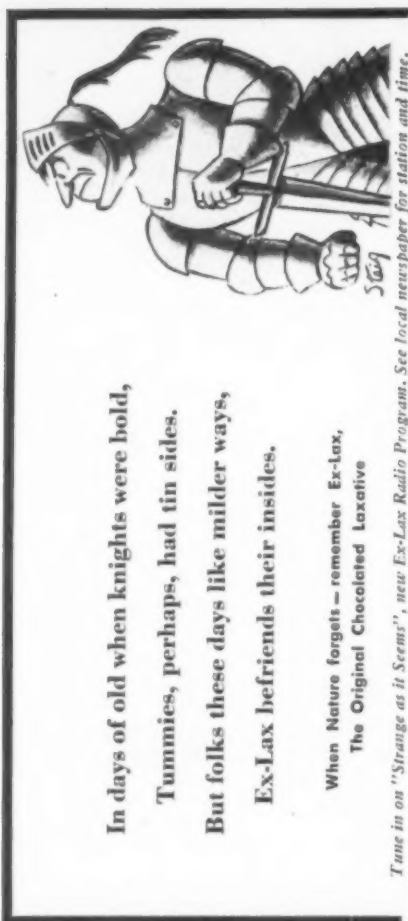
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Life

+ SUCH IS LIFE +



James Chapin

JAMES CHAPIN (p. 6 "Pretzel Man") says he is directly descended from a long line of God-fearing fishermen and colonists, who (like good colonists) helped cheat the Indians out of their land. Actually he was born and raised just outside of prosaic West Orange, N. J., and has lived on little farms on and off most of his 48 years.

"Pretzel Man" took five years to paint. It was done from a casual figure, a Russian Jew Chapin noticed one day at the corner of 3rd Avenue and 14th Street. Chapin saw him just long enough to make a lightning sketch, then he hurried home to work out in detail all the minute items of expression and clothing which his remarkably trained visual memory brought to him one by one.

He has schooled himself pretty vigorously in this matter of visual memory. In fact, he seldom paints directly from the subject. A year ago he wanted to paint Katharine Hepburn, so he followed her films all around the state, studying and memorizing her features and character as expressed by her acting. He settled down to work out a portrait and finished it with only a few hasty sittings by Miss Hepburn herself when she came to New York.

Chapin, one of the earliest and most enthusiastic painters of the American Scene, has received next to no publicity. He thinks it's great that America has finally swung away from the French modernist school, but is genuinely concerned that the American Scene will become too much of a fad. "When it

reaches the cult stage," he says, "it becomes silly and dangerous."

HERE'S another group of advertising boners with comments by John Bonbright of the Detroit *Adcrafter*:

"After experimenting hopefully, her complexion began to rebel." (Ivory soap). . . . Moral: Don't let your complexion go in for experimenting.

"Frankly, haven't you gotten into a smoking rut?" (Kool). . . . Properly, "haven't you got."

"New summer Mobiloil will cut the operating cost of every car where it is used." . . . Correction: "in which it is used."

"When night casts its shadows—" (Yale Locks). . . . It's *light* that casts shadows.

". . . the aura of sweet, fresh cleanliness which radiates about her person." (Mum). . . . *Radiates* calls for *from*, not *about*.

"The same 'Gay Nineties' that introduced the bicycle built for two, the bustle, and the Floradora girls . . ." (Knox Gelatin). . . . It's spelled *Florodora*, and it wasn't so far back as the Nineties, either.

"You may ask 'Why is it so important that every car is Simonized?'" . . . Important if true. Use *be* instead of *is*.

RECOMMENDED without ulterior motive: Personna razor blades, balloon cloth shirts, Abercrombie and Fitch ties . . . The McLeod who is doing the series of cartoons for Dole Pineapple Juice ads is Norman McLeod, the Paramount movie director (*Monkey Business*, *Horsefeathers*, *It's A Gift*, *Alice In Wonderland*.) . . . Definition of the month: A kibitzer is a guy with an inferiority complex. —THE EDITORS

Politicians are such two-faced fellows. LIFE delights in presenting this snapshot of Presidential Heckler and Presidential Yesman at play.

